

# LEND A HAND.

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## THE MANAGEMENT OF SOCIETIES.

THE annual meetings of charitable societies, and their annual reports, present many matters for study, and often for improvement.

A distinguished leader of public opinion, who gave himself loyally to help such endeavors as were made by good people for the improvement of the world, used to say, wisely, that at the annual meeting of every society there should be some one to say, first of all, what the society is for.

How often this duty is neglected ! The meeting is held, with due announcement from pulpit and by the newspaper. The faithful, as the French call them, meet, because they are faithful. But, really, their presence is not necessary, if only a legal quorum be formed, for they know already what the society is doing, have perhaps done their share themselves. To them — at their persuasion — there have joined themselves a body, let us hope a larger body, of persons newly interested in the “object” by some of the appeals which have been made in its behalf. Is it not due to them that some one should tell, as our friend used to say, “what the society is for.”

How often, on the other hand, does the secretary, — who

has herself been in office perhaps "twice ten tedious years," — say to them, as to all who hear the report, that :

" It cannot be necessary for the directors to repeat again the familiar and well-known tale of the humble work of the society. Suffice it to say that this work has been carried on in the method which has now so long approved itself, under the faithful care of our experienced matron, with the lights which we have received now from many years' experience, and the warnings which have met us, alas ! in so many failures."

The stranger from the planet Mars, or from some nearer point, is confused, looks at the programme of exercises in the vain hope that some light will be given there, and then relapses into hearing a eulogy of one of the directors who is dead, and a statement of the progress of the law-suit which the society has brought against the executors of the estate of the late M. N., because they have been derelict in paying over his legacy. But why the legacy was given, what the dead director did, or, indeed, why the people are in that room at all, no one tells him — in the report — but by indirection.

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IT need not take many words to say, at the very beginning, what is the object of the society, when it was founded, why it exists, and to whom it appeals for its support. It is not, indeed, a bad thing for the officers themselves, once a year, to look at their title-deeds, so to speak, and find out the reason of their being. It is not many years since a philanthropic society in Massachusetts found out, — no thanks to the officers, — that it was created for one purpose, and had gradually worked round to another, equally valuable, perhaps, but not indicated in its charter. More than once have directors been surprised to find that they were administering funds larger than, in the modest beginnings of things, their charter permitted them to hold. All such annoyance would be saved by the simple rule that the annual report should begin

by reciting the object and explaining the foundations of the society.

After the annual meeting has received a business-like report — first, of what the society is for, then of what it has achieved for the last year, and lastly of what it wants to achieve in the next year — it is in position to take order for the next year. First, it has perhaps done everything which is to be done. This is a fair question, and in that case the society should be at once dissolved, or measures taken for its dissolution. Second, it may wish to carry on precisely the same work it has done before. In this case, if the arrangements have been good, it has simply to vote to continue them. But, third, it may be extending its work, or, — which is the same thing, — may have run into debt in the last year. In this case it must make arrangements for larger activity than in the past. Now this is to be observed, which is often forgotten : that no society is of any worth or weight because it is a society. Its power is simply the combined power of the men who are in it, and those men or women who go to a meeting and hold up their hands or stand up to vote, and do nothing about the business in the course of the next year, are merely an incumbrance to its proceedings. Here is the great danger of public meetings ; the directors see an assembly of people, and they think those people are going to do something in this cause. As the world goes, it may be that nine out of ten of them have come in there simply because the place was warm, or because there was to be good music, or because some eloquent man was to speak. They will go away without any thought that they are to help this business forward. Yet all directors are apt to wish for large meetings, in which wish, practically, they are wrong. Whether the meeting be a large one or not, it is their business to find out who mean to do something about this matter which is involved, and how those people can be set to work.

In the matter of money, so long as the managers of the society are themselves in earnest, and really believe that it

has a vital duty to perform, they will get all the money which it deserves. But when, on the other hand, they are simply inheriting an old organization, and are keeping it up because it is respectable, and because it has run so long, and because it did a great deal of good twenty years ago, they will find that money does not come to them so easily. The truth is that it ought not. They will then be devising fairs and entertainments by way of advertising their charity, or they will be paying collectors' commissions to collect money for them. The true rule is that given by the Saviour, "Ask and ye shall receive." If the directors of a charity believe in it enough to go themselves to the people who ought to help and explain its purpose and method, they will get all the money it deserves. If they have made a mistake, they will find it out; if they have not made a mistake, the response which is given to them will encourage them.

Nothing is more pathetic, indeed, to a person who has had any experience, than the contrast between the energy and spirit with which a new enterprise in charity goes forward, where there are none but the founders at work, all of them believing in their business, and the drag, and hitch, and doubt, which attends the stumbling motion of an old charitable machine which was started generations ago, and is trying to make itself as useful now as it was then. Here comes in the danger, which the men of the world mark very acutely, of the employment of paid agents who have only a secondary interest in the work which they are doing. It is essential for every living charity that the officers shall be enthusiasts in its cause. They must be the first to see its deficiencies, they must be the first to find out its new duties, they must show all men that they themselves believe in the work which they have in hand. Otherwise they may be good cashiers or tellers of banks, but they must not be the officers of charities.

## EARLSWOOD AND ITS SUGGESTIONS.

BY REV. M. M. G. DANA, D. D.

WHO of the many happy tourists or sojourners in dear old England ever stops to think of, or visit, its most noted school for a few hundred of its thirty thousand imbeciles,—those useless, helpless creatures, that only the latest born of our charities has begun to do for? It was not till 1848 that Dr. Andrew Reed, long distinguished as a philanthropist, realized his purpose of providing asylum and school privileges for this hitherto neglected class. Earlswood is his lasting memorial. Both in Wales and Cornwall he had seen the wretched idiot chained like a felon or maniac in the common pound or lock-up house on the village green, or chased hither and thither, the scoff of the whole village, an outcast on whom none seemed to have mercy. It was after most painful observations, and earnest study as to the needs of these unfortunates, that he publicly began the agitation for an asylum. Beginning modestly with his work in their behalf in Highgate, he saw the corner-stone of Earlswood laid in 1852 by Prince Albert, and in 1855 the noble edifice, capable of accommodating over five hundred inmates, was opened by the Queen. On a bright morning in May, 1887, I was permitted to visit this model institution. It stands on Red Hill, Surrey, from its sightly situation commanding a fine view of the surrounding country, while beautifully environed by extensive grounds, in a park covered by stately trees, or laid out in ample gardens. The building itself presents the appearance of a palatial mansion, architecturally imposing, and in its spaciousness suggests the magnitude of the work that has grown up in connection with it. The asylum has now become noteworthy, because it is the initial institution of the kind in England, and because it demonstrated the possi-

bility of humanely caring for, and even educating, those who had been deemed worthy of no training or kindly nurture. It excited the attention of scientific men, while Prince Albert, Macaulay, Talfourd and Lord Morpeth became at once patrons of this new philanthropic venture. Entering, for a view of the interior, you are shown the spacious dining-hall, with its organ at one end, which does duty on Sundays and at many another entertainment through the week. Behind that is the play-room, where Christmas celebrations are held, and where some of the inmates appear on the stage, to their own delight and the gratification of interested spectators. The chambers above, you find large, well-lighted, and ventilated, opening upon extended corridors tastefully adorned with works of art. The school-rooms show you how much now is being done to awaken the dormant or beclouded minds of the inmates, and how large a per cent. of them are found to be improvable. Then the work-shops, representing a variety of trades, reveal the application here of the industrial plan of education. Now there are graduated from this asylum every year those who, at their advent, were helpless and stupidly ignorant, but have become competent tradesmen, with ability to care for themselves, and be valuable assistants in the once sad homes they only burdened or blighted. Thus out of the bitter calamity of these innocent sufferers, Christian charity has extracted and held to their lips a cup of consolation. The work of caring for such had to be organized from the start, and teachers and care-takers trained for their difficult and self-sacrificing service.

It is a wonderful charity, requiring on the part of those engaged in it the greatest possible tact, the most tireless patience, and exhaustless love. The assistants have to do, practically, everything; for those they care for have to be treated as if babies, though having the tempers and muscular strength for mischief never found in babies. When at play or work, in or out of doors, they must be under constant surveillance; therefore the staff at Earlswood must needs be very

large, and, as a consequence, very expensive. The accomplished superintendent, Dr. Cobbold, has a medical assistant; then must be added stewards, teachers, chaplain, day and night attendants, engineer, farm-bailiff, instructors in the various trades, till the list foots up one hundred and seventy-eight employes. How imperfect an idea one has of this singular household, till he sees its members at the noon meal! A goodly proportion know, or have been taught, how to use a knife and fork. Yet others need to have their food cut for them, and still others must be fed. They are orderly and soon lose all offensive habits at the table. The organ leads in "the grace," which is chanted at every meal, and also in the morning and evening service of song, which, for this class, has an especial charm.

In the school-rooms you are surprised at the results realized. There are clever children even in an idiot asylum; bright faces, too, to look at; but the beginning is often made with an utterly vacant mind, where the first lesson is to awaken attention and excite the simplest thought effort. I have come to regard with a sort of reverent feeling those who are willing to devote themselves to teaching this helpless, pitiable class. I was impressed with their enthusiasm, their interest in pupils the world has so long deemed incapable of improvement, and hardly entitled to humane treatment. In Earlswood you find what no other institution of the kind has to the same extent. That is, imbeciles not only from the families of the poor and from the lowest strata of society, but those from the homes of the titled and rich. For the latter are as likely to have idiotic children as any other class, and for these special provision is made. You find them in elegant rooms, with their own attendants, and even their own equipages, provided for them by loving and lavish parents. Of course, no charitable funds are appropriated for the support of such; and when you see how great are the advantages these obtain, you do not wonder that to this picturesque spot, where an untainted sky

can be seen and brazen air be breathed, rich idiots are sent.

The testimonies of parents who have had children at Earlswood, and received them back again capable of being useful and intelligent members of the home, have about them a pathos no reader can fail to feel. Lord Shaftesbury, who was interested officially in this asylum, said in a speech made in 1878, "that Earlswood had taught, at great cost, many leading and practical truths. It has proved that in different degrees these imbeciles may be raised and exalted to different levels of intelligence and capacity; that some may be brought to a comparatively high standard of civilization and intelligence; some may be fitted for domestic service, some for honorable departments of trade; and that all, even the very lowest, may be brought to appreciate and enjoy the existence which God has given them." Yet forty years ago not a word of this was believed.

"We plead for those," said Dr. Reed, the projector of Earlswood, in an address to the Corporation of London, "who, though most unhappy, are innocent; who, though despised, are capable of generous affections." Other institutions have followed in the wake of Earlswood, and the public duty of caring for the imbecile is now established.

In our country the lead in this peculiar and comparatively novel charity was made in 1848, by Dr. H. B. Wilbur, a young physician in Barre, Mass. Since his experiment, the work has grown, till now twelve states have asylums of their own, while altogether there are twenty-four institutions, public and private, housing about four thousand of this class. According to the census of 1880 there are 73,325 yet unprovided for, so that we have, after all, but made a beginning in this work. The general public has been slow in awakening to the claims of these dependent creatures, and, as they are almost as numerous as the insane, it is becoming more and more apparent that society has obligations to them that cannot be ignored. Its own welfare demands that proper provision be made for the feeble-minded; and so far as they are capable

of being improved, or, if not improvable, of being protected from cruelty, motives of humanity inspire the most efficient efforts in their behalf. The plan of organization of institutions for this class of dependents embraces, practically, two departments: the educational and custodial. The former includes, as at Earlswood, not only school-room work, but industrial occupations and manual labor. The latter involves the care of low-grade idiots, and those for whom little can be done, but who, for that very reason, need protection and such care and housing as the family cannot provide. The time cannot be far distant when every state will accept the obligation of making asylum and school provision for its imbeciles.

Meanwhile the establishment of these institutions is quickening study and experimentation on the part of specialists, to discover the causes of idiocy and methods of preventing the same. The list of names of those who, in our land, have devoted themselves to improving the condition and alleviating the sufferings of this class is an exceptionally brilliant one. Among our public institutions, none have been conducted with more marked success, or resulted in greater benefit to society, than those founded for the imbecile. There is almost a romantic interest attaching to some of our schools for these unfortunates, for they rival, in the charm of their situation, in the completeness of their equipment, and in the unique devotion and skill of those connected with them, even beautiful Earlswood.

Who that has visited Elwyn, near Philadelphia, under charge of Dr. Kerlin, or Dr. Knight's school, on the margin of one of the lakes that lend beauty and title to Lakeville, Connecticut, has failed to be impressed with these delightful homes for the most pitiable of our race? In these institutions you find, in one of its noblest forms, what has well been termed "Christian willingness." For all workers in this field there is due a special tribute of praise; theirs has been a lowly, difficult, but Christ-like, work, and to them belongs the benediction promised to those who minister to "the least" and the neediest.

There is little that is picturesque about the idiot. It is hard to make him attractive. The very thought of him makes one sad, and you have said much when you state, as is true, that literature knows him not. Still, in Earlswood and similar schools, the scene is a cheerful one. There is nothing dolorous or sad within its busy precincts. Surely no stronger plea to awaken sympathy for the inmates of these institutions is needed than that the feeble mind may be strengthened, and enabled to give evidence of a soul about to be released from the prison-house of infirmity. Now we may bring the imbecile forward with the blind, the deaf, the cripple, though confessedly the most afflicted and helpless of all. Grateful, too, should we be that gifted men and women, by their professional and loving devotion, are creating for him an interest among his fellow-men; covering his deformities with the veil of philanthropy; changing disgust for pity, and writing hope in place of despair.

## THE APACHE MISSION.

[OUR readers will remember that, under a most extraordinary complication, a number of Apache prisoners were brought first to St. Augustine, and afterwards to the Mt. Vernon Barracks in Alabama. With great spirit the Massachusetts Indian Association took up the duty next its hand, and provided teachers for this stranded band.

The whole history of the Apaches is a curious illustration of the fortunes of the Indian race. When the philologist, John R. Bartlett, first met them he was struck by a "click" in their language, which suggested the well-known Zulu "click." Mr. Bartlett remembered that Dr. Richardson described a similar click in the language of the Athapescans, near the Arctic Ocean. And, on examination and comparison of dialects, he satisfied himself that, in some unknown adventure of the past, the Apaches had drifted off from the Athapescans, or the Athapescans from the Apaches.

Here is another sub-section which, in the fortunes of war and of what is called peace, has been brought from Arizona to Alabama.

The Massachusetts Society has now received a report from its teachers, from which we print the following interesting extracts.]

We arrived at Mt. Vernon February 14th, and were cordially met and entertained by Major and Mrs. Sinclair until our house was ready for us. During the time we waited for its completion we visited among the log houses and became acquainted with the Indians. We found them suspicious of our visits, fearing we had come to take their children from them. The many deaths among their children away at school had caused a superstitious dread of distant schools. We have been told that they expect death to visit infants and old people, but see no reason for its coming among them during the years between youth and old age. We met with an apparent want of intelligence, and no indication of the English that we afterwards found they possessed. We saw only very small children, and there was a general feeling of distrust in the camp. This wore away as they found we had come to stay with them. We began our school March 4th, with one

pupil, and gradually drew in the children and the fathers until we had under school influence about sixty of the tribe. The Apaches are intelligent and shrewd, and show great aptness in learning and using the English language. We found they had in various ways picked up an understanding of many of our words, some of them had received instruction at Fort Marion, and held their teachers in loving remembrance. We also established a Sunday school, with an average attendance of twenty-five, and a simple Sunday service in the afternoon for the grown people. This steadily gained in favor, and always called out an audience, although not always of the same men.

Beyond a friendly feeling established with the women we made no noticeable impression upon them. The young girls of marriageable age were withheld from school. One, Annie White, was the exception, coming regularly to the men's class. While the women would visit us at our cottage in company with the men, up to the time of our leaving we had not been able to get them to the church service. This is not a matter for discouragement or surprise, as a civilized position for these women must necessarily be of slow growth, having in it so much that is new and startling to the Indians. The Indians are fond of music, and we made good use of the organ sent us by the Sunday school of Litchfield, Connecticut, to gather curious listeners about Geronimo's cabin, which is in a central position in the camp. By this means we drew some women around us, and our few tunes became familiar to those who listened, and were sung by the children at play, and hummed by the men. Step by step we introduced new ways, and when the heat warned us to close our school we had the pleasure of seeing an audience of as many women as men listening to our closing exercises, smiling with pride as the children wrote their names on the board, and applauding in civilized fashion as the English words were heard from the lips of the little ones, and the familiar songs were sung.

The Apaches, three hundred and eighty in number, are

living in a healthful locality, which has done much in improving the health of the tribe, weakened by hardships and change of climate. Their habits of living are more cleanly, they have had good food, and have gained some idea of work, having been employed in making roads and in building their little log houses. But they need to be trained in farm work and given a chance to be self-supporting. This cannot be accomplished at Mt. Vernon. The best element of the tribe ask for a school and farms. While a place suitable for a permanent home is being sought for them, they need a school-house, simple and rough though it may be, still a shelter from the winter changes and the rain. During March, in our school under the trees, the little ones in their calico frocks and shirts often shivered as the fresh breeze blew over them. A heavy rain necessitates a holiday, an unwelcome interruption, for the short school session each morning is a delight to the children, and no tax upon their health. Walls are needed for blackboards, the chief necessity of an Indian school, for these can be made picture-books, reading-books, and copies, as well as slates, where the teacher can best guide the hand so unused to the pencil. In addition to this the building is needed for Sunday service; and here the organ could be safely kept, and become the pleasure and the help to the Indians which its donors intended it to be.

While the Indians show signs of progress, they are yet but ignorant children, clinging to old habits and superstitions, meeting temptations which they have neither the knowledge nor the courage to fight; apparently quick to conform to our ways, yet possessing the easy-going, improvident nature which needs the spur of civilized life to rub and jostle and awaken it into action, and to lead the men to break away from the superstition and power of the old women of the tribe. This cannot be accomplished at Mt. Vernon. The Indian needs an Eastern home, where he will hear the buzz of industry, and be inspired by it, where he will meet with new ideas and ways which will urge him to action, where he will

learn what business means, and learn the value of money. In such a home he can find object lessons on every hand, education for himself and his family, the influence of religious civilization, patient and understanding leaders to encourage him in his struggles toward manhood. These conditions cannot be found or made at Mt. Vernon. But whatever the future may hold for the Indian, the present calls for a continuation of the work at Mt. Vernon, which has begun so favorably, and which promises such encouraging results.

Respectfully submitted,

VINCENTINE TILYON BOOTH.

June, 1889.

MARION E. STEPHENS.

### SELECTIONS FROM WEBSTER.

#### III.

[THE following is from the closing paragraphs of the address at the completion of Bunker Hill Monument, June 17, 1843.]

“BUT let us remember that we have duties and obligations to perform, corresponding to the blessings which we enjoy. Let us remember the trust, the sacred trust, attaching to the rich inheritance which we have received from our fathers. Let us feel our personal responsibility, to the full extent of our power and influence, for the preservation of the principles of civil and religious liberty. And let us remember that it is *only religion and morals and knowledge* that can make men respectable and happy under any form of government.

“Let us hold fast the great truth, that communities are responsible as well as individuals; that no government is respectable which is not just; that, without unspotted purity of public faith, without sacred public principle, fidelity, and honor, no mere forms of government, no machinery of laws, can give dignity to political society.”

## JEM AND RUTH.

### HELP FROM THE POOR TO THE POOREST.

BY FRANCES M. WILBRAHAM.

#### PART I.

DEAR Mary, how well we remember,  
How often together we speak  
Of that clear, frosty day in December—  
Just ten years ago Christmas week,

When I walked in to Redford to greet you,  
A-coming by Manchester train,  
Delighted, dear sister, to meet you,  
Though but for one short hour, again.

Such a train! why, it choked up the station,  
With turkeys and geese, girls and boys;  
Friend met friend, and relation, relation,  
With hand-shakings, laughter, and noise.

"Claim your luggage!" As magic, these words  
Call the whole host of stragglers together.  
They run like a covey of birds  
When a foot-ball is heard on the heather.

The foremost beleaguer the van,  
And watch for their goods to come out;  
The hindermost shift as they can,  
Gesticulate, grumble, or shout.

Had the poet who states as a fact  
That "man wants but little below,"  
Beheld how that luggage was pack'd  
He scarcely had dared to say so.

Bags, boxes, and trunks, by the score,  
From two crowded vans are flung forth,  
Replaced with as many, or more,  
By travellers bound for the North.

The bell its loud warning repeats  
To each loitering, lingering soul;  
Fresh passengers spring to their seats,  
And the train thunders on to its goal.

Such is life! full of hurry and care,  
In one stay continuing never;  
Like a meteor that shoots thro' the air,  
Or the foam on a fast-flowing river.

## PART II.

The platform now is lone and still,  
 The wintry wind blows cold and shrill;  
 We two, nipt by that biting air,  
 To the warm waiting-room repair,  
 Hoping for sweet heart-converse there.

But as we walk our glances meet,  
 Unclaim'd, unlabelled, at our feet,  
     An oblong case of leather;  
     All unprotected, and neglected.  
     It lies, exposed to weather.

We pause, and seeing honest Jem,  
 The porter, near, we beckon him.  
     He quickly comes our way;  
     Stares at the package, scans its cover,  
     With cautious foot half rolls it over,  
     Then starts in blank dismay.

“The thing's bewitched! the thing's alive!  
 As sure as two and two make five,  
     I heard a cry within it.  
     A baby's cry,—thou poor, wee thing!  
     Out with my knife! I'll cut the string  
     And free thee in a minute.”

'Tis done; and lo! within the case,  
 A form in white, a baby face,  
     As grey and still as stone;  
     Two dimpled lips of purple hue,  
     Wide-open eyes, from whose soft blue  
     The life and sense seemed gone.

Alas! the truth was all too clear;  
 Some wretch had drugged this baby dear,  
     To hush its wailings wild;  
     Some mystery of woe and crime,  
     Unravelled to this present time,  
     Hung round the hapless child.

## PART III.

Dear Mary! 'twas your hospital training,  
     Your watchfulness, quickness, and care,  
     Which brought back the life that was waning,  
     Which gave that sweet babe to our prayer.

With what rapture we hung o'er the wee thing,  
Safe lock'd in your loving embrace,  
Thank'd God for her regular breathing,  
And the rose-tint that spread o'er her face.

But sorrow soon followed on gladness.  
As we thought of the infant's hard lot;  
"Oh, Janie," you cried in your sadness,  
"We have saved the dear child; but for what?

"Neither you, who keep house for poor Ralph,  
Nor I, in my hospital-home,  
Can shelter the destitute waif,  
Condemn'd thro' a bleak world to roam."

Oh, foolish, oh, slow in believing  
The Love that cares for us on high!  
While we were distrusting and grieving  
There were mercy and help drawing nigh.

At noon Jem, the porter, looked in;  
There were tears on his weather-stained cheek.  
And thus, with a jerk of his chin,  
And a quavering voice, did he speak:

"My missus and me had a lass,  
Like Moses, 'exceedingly fair,'  
She died—well, we all fade as grass—  
But that neither here is nor there.

"We be childless. My missus has money,  
So a snug little place we have ta'en,  
That farmstead, so green and so sunny,  
Right fronting your gate, Mistress Jane.

"Little Amy, the church-pupil teacher,  
Is to lodge with the missus and me;  
And, might we but rear this lone creature,  
What household more blessed than we?

"For my wife has the lovingest heart!  
This I know, if you'll credit my word,  
She would do by the fondling her part,  
In the true love and fear of the Lord."

How true have Jem's promises come!  
Little Ruth grows as good as she's fair,  
In that Christian and orderly home,  
Sweetly sheltered from sin, want, and care.

## POLITICAL ECONOMY AS AN ART.

BY CHARLES J. BULLOCK.

POLITICAL economy is no longer regarded as an exact science. Modern criticism has given it a somewhat unsettled character; for, indeed, the changed industrial conditions have served to throw doubt on some of its conclusions.

We have gradually come to recognize that man's selfish propensities can give no complete explanation of the phenomena of wealth, but that moral forces also have economic effects; that many economic doctrines are relative in their application; and that "*Laissez faire*" forms no universal doctrine to which the economist can safely appeal, as an excuse for doing nothing, while, for instance, human beings are starving.

Receiving from Adam Smith the first scientific treatment accorded to any branch of social science, political economy in its development has recognized two special ends of research. When treated as a science, it has aimed to understand the economic structure and functions of society; and when considered as an art, it has endeavored to connect the exercise of these functions with some practical benefits. But in our day more attention is devoted to the art, to the application of the results of economic science to the solution of practical problems.

What, now, is the true object of the study of political economy? What should be the final purpose that the economist should ever have in view?

Is it, merely, to obtain a knowledge of the present structure of society? to study wealth simply as a social fact, and to give no direction for its myriad uses? No attainment of

scientific knowledge can ever be an end in itself, and especially is this true of a science like political economy, which relates to human conduct, and must finally be largely practical. Adam Smith, "The Father of Political Economy," states that it has certain objects, which are: to provide a plentiful subsistence for the people, and to secure sufficient revenue for the state. And all of Smith's successors have given some consideration to the practical application of their science.

No exhaustive study of political economy can ever be made without reference to the realization of some practical objects. Now to what object shall the economist address himself, and to what purpose conform his precepts?

Is material wealth the worthy and ultimate object of his study, or is wealth a mediate and not a final end? Is it intrinsically good, or is it valuable only as it aids to support a vigorous social and national life?

Let history, as she points to nations corrupted and overthrown by the increase of ill-gotten and misused riches, testify that society does not, cannot, exist for wealth, whether individual or national; but that wealth must always exist for the support and development of society. Any art that neglects this truth, and aims solely to increase the nation's wealth, becomes thereby perverted and accursed.

Since, therefore, the conception of the destination of wealth for the maintenance and evolution of society must underlie all economic investigation, the political economist, in the construction of his art, must widen the scope of his inquiry and consider all the purposes which wealth is meant to serve. Or, if he persist in confining himself to the consideration of material wealth, he must not attempt to give any final or complete directions for the production or use of that wealth which forms the object of his study. For experience has shown that no complete theory concerning the economic organs of society can be formed; nor safe guidance for its economic functions be found, if these are considered as isolated from those that are moral and political. Such abstract

study is provisionally possible, and even necessary, in the field of pure science; as, for the purpose of scientific examination, the different organs of the body may be studied by such isolation. But, as the physician, if he aims at a practical result, must consider each part in its relation to the whole, so the economist in constructing a practical art must consider economic forces in their relation to all the other forces and purposes of society. Oversight of this fact has often reduced our pure economics to pure nonsense.

But, further still, the productive power of a nation must, in large degree, consist in the efficiency and character of the nation's inhabitants; and the art of political economy must aim to maintain a vigorous and intelligent industrial population as the first condition of a large productive power. It follows, then, that the economic test of any industrial system is not the amount of wealth that can be accumulated under it, but its ultimate effect upon the character and manhood of the people. Therefore the real dynamics of wealth must always lie in the economics of distribution and consumption, neither of which subjects can be considered as a practical problem, without constant reference to moral effects, or without entering upon the most fundamental controversies as to the ultimate basis and end of political union.

In the future development of political economy, we have come to a parting of the ways. A practical treatment of the subject of wealth is forever impossible, apart from the consideration of its moral, social, and political aspects.

If, in the future, political economy is to retain anything of the practical character it has always claimed in the past; if it is to be anything more than a pure science of the narrowest and most limited application, it must consider wealth in all its manifold relations. Failing in this, it must give place to some other science that shall make such broad consideration possible.

As this century, wonderful for its triumphs and achievements, draws its course to a close, it leaves confronting us

social inequalities and industrial changes which form a problem of most threatening and ever-increasing magnitude.

Yet we know that through present dangers, and impending complications, we shall be led to some solution of our troubles which shall bring to society, conditions, better, and higher, than any yet attained. And this social and industrial reformation will be no isolated fact, but will form part of a connected art of life, in which it shall be the duty of the political economist to study wealth, not only as a social fact, but also as an instrument for the support of life, and of such a life as shall be worth living.

Thus political economy, no longer "the dismal science," shall become one of the most useful and stimulating of all studies; inspired by a worthy purpose, counselling to worthy action, and constantly directing all our industries toward the highest and worthiest moral ends.

NOTE.—It may be well to emphasize more forcibly the fact which Mr. Bullock has indicated in his article upon "Political Economy as an Art"—e. g., that good citizenship is a prominent factor in promoting the useful applications of economics to the social condition. With good citizenship—which means in this country good government—the moral and social condition of the people will be such as will foster their material prosperity. Wise legislation will aid industrial enterprises. Security assured, men will not hesitate to undertake affairs that require time for fruition. In fact, from tariff to treaties, government action has a powerful effect upon the economic welfare of the country.

The study of economics, then, is to be included in the branches that go to fit one for the exercise of his duties as a citizen. The treatises of General Walker, of Professor Clark of Smith College, of Doctor Ely of Johns Hopkins, are at hand, inexpensive, and sufficient for the ordinary student.

1. Political Economy, Francis A. Walker; Henry Holt & Co., New York.
2. The Philosophy of Wealth, John B. Clark; Ginn & Co., Boston.
3. An Introduction to Political Economy, Richard T. Ely; Chautauqua Press.

## MR. JOHN ROLLINS'S REVENGE.

BY MISS S. H. PALFREY.

THERE was a dead pause.

"How long was it before you found him?" asked Mr. John Rollins, compassionately.

"I never,—never found him no more!"

With that John Bolings broke down under such an overwhelming passion of tears and sobs, that it seemed as if his childhood had come back again with the memory of his childhood's sorrow. He tried to master it. He tried to speak. He could do neither. At length, ashamed of himself, he abruptly turned his back, with a dumb gesture of farewell, and said no more that day.

On his next visit, Mr. John Rollins would have shunned the subject; but John Bolings had plainly nerved himself to go on, and he did so.

"There hain't much more. The last time I see 'Arry, 'e were asleep, very weak-looking and w'ite, under a old w'arf'-ouse built on piles on the river. We'd slept there mostly w'ile he were hill. W'en the tide would rise at the back, we'd creep nigher the front; and w'en the police would be a-coming along the front, we'd creep as nigh as we could to the back again; and there was no end o' rats. W'en I were let out and run back to find 'im, folks was a-pulling down the 'ouse to build a new un. They didn't know naught on 'im, and bid me begone. I searched for him two or three weeks, through the streets and everywhere we'd been together. Then I fainted and fell down; and they picked I up, and put I in the workus. Schoolma'am at workus were good to I. I'd said no more prayers since I couldn't find 'Arry; 'cause then I saw it weren't no use, 'cause the Lord

didn't mean to be good to I, 'cause I'd been wicked and stole ; but wile I were there I'd say schoolma'am's prayers, just to please her. But I weren't there long. The house were over-crowded. A lad were wanted for a cabin-boy ; I begged to go to sea ; and they tuk me on a three years' voy'ge. I worked as well as I could, and saved my wage to try to live honest ashore,—all but just for a few decent clothes, and a little gold ring for schoolma'am. The ship come in ; and how glad I were ! We was paid off; and the land-sharks come down to meet us. The other men went their ways, and tuk care o' themseln. I were green-like. One offered, very kind, to show me to a decent lodging-'ouse, w're I'd get a meal and a bed cheap. They drugged my beer ; and, the next I knewed, I were sick and drunk and dragged out in a lane, in a suit of brown paper. My money were all gone,—my clothes and everything. W'en I come to a bit and got up, the boys see I, and hooted I, and hounded I along the ways. They clutched at the paper. It tore. I ran, and hadn't nowherees to hide me.

"A man see me, and come out and drove 'em off, and opened 'is door to I, and took I in, and give I clothes and a bed. If 'e weren't a very good un, 'e were very good to I ; and 'e were all the friend I 'ad. He kept me till I were well again. Then—'e axed me to 'elp 'im break into a 'ouse ; and now you see, sir?"

"I do, I do see, Bolings. We need not say anything more now about what must be so painful to you,—to us both. But you think me your friend, don't you?"

"That do I, sir,—the best I ever 'ad, but mammy and 'Arry."

"Then there are two things I want you to do for me : first, remember that your best Friend of all is in heaven, and that a faithful and true-hearted man will be faithful and true to Him, in the first place, whether his other friends are good or bad. Second, remember, if you have a friend on earth in me, that you must not disgrace me. My other friends are

honorable men ; and I expect you to be an honorable man, too, — such a one as I can respect as well as like. I should be very sorry if there were any friend of mine that I could not."

Bolings always evaded any approach to the subject of religion. He colored high and beamed with pleasure, however, as he said, "Thank 'e, sir; if you could ever call me by any such name as that, I should be the blackest of scoundrels to disgrace it!"

But the ever-haunting shadow of his past fell upon him again, as he added, with downcast eyes, "'E were took up soon after and killed 'imself in prison; and 'e were the only friend I ad. I done no jobs o' that sort by myself, w'en I got work, — only w'en I were very hard up."

"I want you to feel henceforward, that it's just as much out of the question for you to do any such dirty work, — 'hard up,' or not, — as you think it would be for me. Remember what your good young mother said, ' Better honesty in the garret.' "

"That would I, sir; but this it is: there's a many bad folk in the world, w'erewer *I* goes; and w'en I be with good folk I be pretty good; but w'en I be with bad folk I be very bad. The likes of I ben't like the likes of you."

Mr. John Rollins felt the truth of this remark, as he walked away, but felt it with no Pharisaic exultation. On the contrary, it was with a thrill of surprised and most humble thankfulness that often, as he left the prison, he looked back over his cherished and usually guarded boyhood, — his own clean and honorable past.

To-day there was a special prick in his conscience, as he recalled one exceptional episode: "That summer that I was eight years old, now, when that big bully Stevens came to our school from California. How he cajoled and brow-beat me into robbing good old Farmer Baldwin's apple-tree with him, and making a feast for the other boys with the fruit of unrighteousness ! But I cried so when I went to bed, that

my dear old brother Freddy, (that's with the angels now, and how they must love him!) got it all out of me. He comforted me, and told me to say my prayers and go to sleep, and he would help me 'out of the bog on the clean side.' The next morning, he marched me down to the farmer's with what apples I had left, and made me pay for the rest with all my pocket money. I cried again at that; because I'd been saving up to buy a toy yacht. Farmer Baldwin would have let me off, but Fred wouldn't; and I'm much obliged to him now that he didn't. He kept me out of that boat for a whole fortnight of my vacation, and then bought me one out of his own pocket. But now suppose things had taken a little different turn with me then. Suppose Fred hadn't been there, or Stevens hadn't been turned out of school. Much more, suppose that, with no more manliness, strength of character, and independence than I had at that age, I'd been turned out, homeless and famishing, to shift for myself in the *slums*! Great heaven! how can fellows like me ever do enough to help fellows like Bolings? I hope I've got a hint at last, though, of the way to point a wedge to drive into some of his notions."

The next time Mr. John Rollins came to his pupil, he gave him Miss Yonge's "Treasury of Golden Deeds;" and he was henceforth always on the watch to bring him newspapers with accounts of the heroism of life-saving crews, firemen, or railway-men, and any other stories of the kind which he met with; and these John Bolings, though he could not be said to be of a strong literary bent otherwise, seemed never weary of spelling out.

In the meanwhile Mr. John Rollins's visits were welcomed at the prison by more than one. His light-hearted, prosperous, kindly young-manhood seemed to light up the grim walls that it flashed by. The officers would stop him to ask if he "wouldn't jest speak a word to" this one or that one, or "read out a little," or "write a letter home," for another in the hospital.

He gradually became so much engaged in these and like matters that some of his cronies of the *jeunesse doree* were inclined to laugh at him. But Mr. John Rollins happened to stand less in fear of laughter than many men, partly, perhaps, because he had been so much accustomed to the sound of it wherever he went.

Others of the said cronies more seriously objected : "What should *you* take up prison-visiting for, Jack? You don't know *the first thing* about it ; hadn't you better leave it to the chaps that do? You're such a harum-scarum fellow! You'll make mistakes,—let *x* equal the unknown quantity!"

But the chaplain, getting some inkling of this, smiled with a certain grimness of encouragement, and said, "Very true; I suppose you will make mistakes, if you try to do good. Most young men do make mistakes, whether they try to do good or not,—not to speak of old ones;—but the greatest of all mistakes is, not to try."

Mr. John Rollins did try, and he did make mistakes. But he learned by them, and from anybody who was able and willing to teach him. He loved his work; and those he worked for often loved him. Moreover, he got some fun out of those from whom he could get nothing better; as, for example, when he was taken into the confidence of an old virago who informed him, in regard to her husband, "He was that perwerse, I couldn't keep me fists off an him. I gin him a good slappin'; an' it was wuth thirty days!"

Though, however, he often found criminals an the one hand more amusing, and on the other cleverer and better educated than poor John Bolings, he never found another so interesting to him. This was partly, no doubt, from the circumstances of the case, but partly from the poor fellow's own remarkable power of ready, steady, strong, and warm attachment, and his hopeless sense of loneliness and degradation. Much as Mr. John Rollins rejoiced for him when, at the end of a few years, he was pardoned out, he felt that he should miss him much, and told him so.

John Bolings said nothing ; but his yearning eyes lighted up with one of their silent gleams ; and his handsome, sad young face spoke for him.

Mr. John Rollins gave him, among other parting presents, a packet of envelopes directed to himself and stamped, with a sheet of ruled note-paper folded within each, a pencil-case with a pen at one end of it, a portable inkstand, and a pocket New Testament with slight marks at many passages. Then, though by no means an indiscriminate and universal hand-shaker, instinctively he offered him his hand.

John Bolings resolutely put his own behind his back : "The likes o' mine ben't like the likes o' yourn ! It ben't a honest hand. But thank'e, sir ; and good-bye."

He went to sea again with a trusty and kind-hearted old captain, who had sailed for Mr. John Rollins's father, and who knew the man's secret, and promised to have an eye to him.

From time to time, Mr. John Rollins's envelopes came back, with a few laborious lines in each. When John Bolings's bright brown orbs were out of sight, he certainly seldom showed much power of expression. There would always be thanks for Mr. John Rollins's last letter, and John Bolings's address for the next place where he could hope to receive another. He usually sent a little money to be put at interest for him. Once he enclosed a few lines from his captain, telling of his promptness, courage, and dexterity in some nautical feat not very intelligible to most landsmen, by which his ship had been saved from danger of wreck in a sudden gale. To this account he added only that he supposed "another man might a done it just as well, if I 'adn't 'appened to get there first," and that "Captain's son is wery good to I, and a-going to teach I charts and navvygayson." (Mr. John Rollins was particularly glad of this item, hoping that it might lead to promotion ; for he remembered that John Bolings had taken not unkindly to figures, and that, if he had no other great talent, he had that which sometimes leaves

more shining ones behind, i. e., the talent of perseverance. If he once undertook anything, it always seemed easier for him to go on than to give it up.) He seemed, not unnaturally, to shrink from returning to the scene of his disgrace. When his ship came back, he was not in her. He had managed to get himself transferred to another, bound for the Polar Seas. He became a wide wanderer on the face of the deep. He went to Spitzbergen, to Calcutta, and round Cape Horn.

At length there came a thicker envelope, with a California postmark. Two sheets fell out of it; and they were scrawled so full that they could scarcely be read. John Bolings usually gave conciseness, if not clearness, to his style, and saved himself time and trouble in chirography by leaving out subordinate words; but thus much Mr. John Rollins managed to make out:

"I were overnight in Frisko. Fire-bells rung. I likes fires. I run. It were a very igh otel. Ladders was too short. Hose broke. Water give out. Poor old gent were up in a igh window with a wumman and a child, smoke round em and fire beind. They cried and screamed for help. People held blankets and shouted and screamed to em to jump. They knowed too well. It were jumping into their graves. I says I were a sailor. Firemen lets me ave a coil of rope. I wets it and rolls in gutter where hose broke to dampen my clothes. I runs upstairs in next house and gets through skylight and jumps from roof to roof. That were a jump, but you knows, sir, my legs is long and skippy, and aboard my ship they calls me hoppergrass. I ties rope to chimney and swings in at window. Folks hurraed. We pulls in rope and ties it round little boy, and lets im down softly. They hurraed more. We lets down wuman. They screams for joy. I let down old gent. They urraed again. I comes down myself with nothing singed but beard and clothes. They roared all down the street, and then the roof fell in.

"Next day old gent sent for I and give I a thowsand dollars. I thank my God, how glad I were to get that thow-

sund dollars. I never were so glad of anything in all my life before." And so-forth and so-forth and so-forth. But over and over, came his self-congratulations on the money.

Glad as Mr. John Rollins was of the facts in this letter, there was that besides in it which gave him pain. "John Bolings is somehow off his balance," he said to himself. "I don't blame him for wanting to share the glory and joy of such a story with his chief friend, especially after what I hinted about the cowardice of his old way of living, that rankled so. But I am sorry to have him lay such stress on that money. Can it be that he has an avaricious streak in him? I never saw a sign of it. It would be such a bad complication in a case like his!"

He wrote his hearty congratulations and commendations, at some length, to John Bolings. He told him that he was proud to call the doer of such a "golden deed" his friend, that John Bolings was truly enviable to have had the opportunity and the qualities to do it, and that by it he had surely laid up a treasure in his memory for this world and the other. But he failed not dexterously to slip in a few little wholesome suggestions, and warnings against the root of all evil.

John Bolings did not cry *Peccavi*. On the contrary, in his next letter he asked how much his funds in Mr. John Rollins's hands amounted to; and, in the next after, he informed him that he was more thankful to him than he knew how to tell him "for making so much on it," and drew on him for five hundred dollars.

In the meanwhile years had passed and were passing, setting their mark more or less upon everybody. Mr. John Rollins's hair was turning from the jetty curliness of a Newfoundland dog's round his fine Roman head, to be just "pointed" with a white thread here and there, like the Norway sables of "Aunt *Mia*." He kept much of his early activity, buoyancy, and odd, merry humor. But he had otherwise quite outgrown being "a harum-scarum fellow," and gained an amount of practical knowledge and wisdom, and

developed a power of earnest and steady usefulness, which surprised those who had known him best. He had written two or three capital books, and was already looked to, in this country and in Europe, as one of the best authorities, on the management of prisons and the reformation of their inmates.

Far less, alas, can be said for Snuffers! His bright, brief youth had long been over. He was as amiable as, but far less entertaining and lively than, formerly. His energies as a *bon vivant* alone grew with his growth, which had for some time, in spite of the best efforts of his best friends to the contrary, been lateral, while no longer vertical. In short, though still handsome and loving, he was now little better than a lazy, fat old dog.

Therefore, his master was surprised when, one evening, Snuffers, who had been let into the library to welcome him and pass the evening with him, on his return from a trip to the prisons about Nouston, shook himself, with a growl, from a nap on his favorite rug, stood up, and *looked* towards the front door; at which, presently after, a ring was heard. Snuffers barked as loud as corpulence would let him.

Mr. John Rollins rebuked him, and opened the door, as, in his simple bachelor *menage*, he now often did, to spare Mrs. Blodgett's advancing years and rheumatism.

A respectable-looking person stood on the door-mat, and faced him eagerly, with the unusual exclamation,—

“I be a honest man!”

“You’re a crazy man, I should think,” said Mr. John Rollins, internally; but he outwardly answered, as well as he could for Snuffers’s larum, “Ah? that’s a very good thing to be. Did you wish to see me? I am Mr. Rollins.”

The man gasped, as if for words that would not come. Then he thrust out his hand, panting, “That did I, Mr. Rollins! I wanted to shake hands with you, sir. This be a honest hand, now! Oh, sir, don’t ye remember I?”

The face was bronzed. The hair was prematurely grizzled. But when, by a gleam of the hall-lamp over his shoulder, Mr.

John Rollins caught a glimpse of the eyes, he could no longer doubt. He caught the hand, hardened now by honest toil, not in one of his, but in both, exclaiming, in tones of the heartiest welcome, "*John Bolings, is it you?*"

"No, sir!" cried the man, looking round him as if with terror. "Never that no more,—Hed'ard Wright;—I've a right to a honest name now;—that's my father's and mother's name. I never wanted to look ye in the face again till I could take the clean hand ye offered me, years ago, in a honest one o' my own. That can I now.—And I've found 'Arry! He weren't dead. Nor he hadn't forgotten mammy's prayers, the likes of I; and he's taught me them again. And we both says 'em every night; 'cause now I know the Lord is good to I." He was shaking from head to foot.

Mr. John Rollins drew him gently in and closed the door, repeating that he was heartily glad to see him. He took him into the dining-room, shut the dog into the library, ordered supper, and talked cheerfully of matters and things in general.

Wright with natural good-breeding followed his lead, saying as little as might be until, refreshed, and calmed from the first shock of a meeting which was one of the crises of life to him, he felt that he could speak as a man should.

Then, in the fewest possible words, which yet seemed wrung from him as if by the rack, he gave his host to understand that he had paid back,—principal and interest, and more, as he believed,—to the victims or their heirs, the amount of his robberies. His attempts in that line had not been very many, nor, luckily for him, always successful. He was hardly out of his nonage when he came to this country; and here he was stopped at the outset by the imprisonment which was a turning-point in his course. The sum given him after the fire in San Francisco for the first time put it into his head that he might make restitution. Henceforth he toiled for it and saved for it to the uttermost. On his returns from his voyages, he put up parcel after parcel of bank-notes,

labelled within, in imitation of printed letters, that his handwriting might never be proved against him, "Honest earnings, from a penitent thief." These he handed to servants who answered his ring at door-bells after nightfall, and then made off in the dark as fast as he could. He believed that this was not without danger; but he was resolved, at all hazards, to "clean off his conscience." There was, in all this account, no self-conceit,—rather an almost insurmountable pain, loathing, and horror at approaching a blot on his past, which he had so completely lived down, all through his middle life, that it probably appeared nearly as inconceivable to him as it did to the stainless and high-minded man who was grieving over it with him.

"Thank God!" said Mr. John Rollins, pressing his hand again as he ended; "and you have found your brother. How was that?"

"It were after—the last I paid. First I ran; then I walked, to get my breath and seem like anybody else. Then I got weak-like and hot and shaky. (I could scarce eat a mouthful all the day before.) I looked for a chemist's shop to get a glass of soda-water. A street-lamp over a door shone on a sign, 'Enery Wright.' I went in. The chemist were a-reading his newspaper behind the counter. He looked up; and, except he weren't so gray as I, and hadn't no beard but side-whiskers, it were as if I were a-looking in a looking-glass. He stood up and come for'ard to wait on me. I says, 'Can you tell me anything of a little feller o' your name that 'is twin-brother left, to git something for 'im to eat, a-lying hill under a w'arf-ouse by the Thames? I were Heddy Wright.' I couldn't say no more; nor I needn't. 'Arry were just as good as ever. He jumped hover the counter to me; and we cried there in the shop, with our arms round each other's necks, just as we did in the garret the night our mammy died."

"What had happened to him?" asked Mr. John Rollins, with a face full of sympathy.

"He laid, a-sleeping and a-starving and a-waking and a-crying, and a-sleeping again, under the w'arf'-ouse, 'e never knew how long. He crep' to the front to see if 'e could see me a-coming, and 'e were too weak to creep back again; and the police come along and see him, and pulled 'im out, almost a-dying. Just then a gentleman and lady druv hup in a fly. They had lately lost their only child, a nice little boy; and they was a-taking a journey to 'elp her git over it. They stopped the fly, and jumped hout to see what was the matter with 'Arry. One said this, and one said that; but the 'usband were a chemist, and knowed a deal about hillness; and 'e said, 'This child is famished.' And 'Arry were always a very pretty little lad; and the lady said 'e were like the un that died — her own; and nothing would do but she must 'ave him. They axed 'im 'Ad he anybody to take care on him?' He shook 'is 'ead; he couldn't speak. He couldn't tell if it were days or weeks 'e'd been alone; and 'e thought I were gone forever, and the rats would eat him. It's pretty easy to get possession of a child as nobody wants. So they give the police their names and took 'Arry, and brought 'im hup for their hown, and left 'im the business when they died. When 'e grew hup to 'ave knowledge and means o' his own, he adwertised for me; but that would be w'ile—I were out o' the way," said Wright, blushing through his tan, and turning away his head like the John Bolings of old times.

"Is he married?" said Mr. John Rollins, hastily.

"No; just a bachelor, like me; but 'e 'ave a snug little 'ouse be'ind the shop; and he axed me to come right in and live with him. Then I told 'im; —I had to tell him," said poor Wright.

"But you could tell him, too, how you had made amends," put in Mr. John Rollins.

Wright nodded. "He comforted me as if it were mammy come back again, and axed I, and begged I, to live with him, over again."

"God bless him!" said Mr. John Rollins.

"I told 'im I might some years hence, if he stayed o' the same mind arter he'd had time to think it hover; but I couldn't live on no man's charity, not even hisn, wile I was hable to work; and I'd got to begin the world fresh now, and lay up something for my old age. I'm to go mate from New York, next time I sail."

"That's good.—Another cup of coffee?—Then let us go into my library; it will be warmer."

Snuffers, still there, awoke with a growl.

"Is that the dog?" asked Wright, significantly.

"The one I've always had here?—Yes."

"I'm glad he wasn't killed," said Wright, with a lip that trembled through his *moustaches*; "but, oh, Mr. Rollins, the past *can't* be wiped out! Even the brute beast remembers!"

"His bark is worse than his bite, now. Poor fellow! he has lost almost all his teeth. He must learn to forgive and forget, like his betters."

"Like his master! Oh, weren't the Lord good to I then, w'en I didn't know it?—W'en I might have killed the best friend I've ever had!" It burst from Wright; and he almost broke down again.

"Come here, Snuff, you old fool," said Mr. John Rollins, pulling him up between his knees. "Do you see here? This is one of the truest and most useful friends your master ever had; and you have got to let him pat your silly old head, if he will; after all your ill manners; and then you are to wag your tail at him, or I shall wag it for you,—so."

Wright did pat the dog's head, but as if he hardly knew whether he did or not. He had drawn himself up with an air of manliness and spirit, which was as if somewhat habitual to him now, though new since they last met, and turned his face full upon his host, with his wonderful eyes gladder, if not even brighter, than the latter had ever seen them before: "I beg your pardon, sir, did you say?—did I understand you to say?—did you say 'useful'?—the likes of I, to the likes of you!"

"That I did, Bol—Wright, I mean! That, I've often said to myself, and sometimes to others, before; and I'm glad to have a chance, now, to say it to yourself. The Lord was better to us both, on that night so long ago, which you *will* talk about, than we either of us knew. Up to that time, I'd been very fortunate in a sunny and sheltered condition; but it was a very useless one, I'm afraid; and, out of sheer emptiness and aimlessness, it might even, as I've seen too many do, have become corrupt. If the Lord has helped you through me, so has He me through you—to work,—most interesting work among the prisons. All the real satisfaction,—and success, if I may call it so,—of my now very busy and happy life, date back to a welcome you gave me one day to a cell,—I mean, to the beginning of our friendship."

Wright's eyes shone again; though it was through tears. Then the two men who, meeting first as deadly foes, had, through the providence of Him Who bringeth good out of evil, become powers for incalculable good, henceforth and forever, in each other's lives, let the past go, once for all, to speak thankfully and hopefully of the present and the future. And this was of MR. JOHN ROLLINS'S REVENGE.

THE END.

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*Errata.*—Page 562, for "turning the ladder *half-way* over," read, "turning the ladder *neatly* over." Page 563, for "straightened," read "straitened." Page 567, for "bonhomie," read "bonhomie." Page 567, for "hunting," read "ratting." Page 568, at the end of first paragraph, insert, "I hope you'll let me see you here again, whenever you're not too busy."

NOTE.—For three incidents in this story, I have to give credit to others. To my friend, Miss Frances M. Wilbraham of Chester, author of "The Sere and Yellow Leaf," and of an even more charming book, published under a pseudonym, I owe the idea of stimulating the young burglar's more honorable ambition by means of Miss Yonge's "Treasury of Golden Deeds." Somewhere, — perhaps in Miss Wilbraham's writings, perhaps in Miss Ingelow's, perhaps in neither, — I have met with the item of the *brown-paper suit*, told, if I recollect right, as a fact. The ingenious mode of dealing with a man, who was trying to enter a house unlawfully, by overturning his ladder upon him, I understand to have been really improvised and put in practice by some gentleman of Massachusetts. But I know nothing more of him,—not even his name, nor that of the town where he lived. If any one, noticing any other plagiarisms of any consequence, will have the goodness to point them out to me, I may find some future opportunity of acknowledging them.

## SINALOA.

MOST of our readers have been interested in the bold scheme of the emigrants to Topolobampo, in Mexico, who are attempting to carry out a socialist doctrine in fact, on the shore of the Pacific. The *New York Morning Journal* of the 8th of September, and the *Graphic* of the preceding day, publish some pictures of the "actuality," which show how far the settlement has advanced in the course of two years. What is called Topolobampo, which is the seaport in Sinaloa, is really a mountain-locked harbor. The two bays of Topolobampo and Ohuira are connected by the straits of Joshua. They contain, we are told, altogether, an area of fifty-four square miles of water, twelve of which are of sufficient depth for large steamers. The eventual access by land to this point is to be by a railway which is to strike the Mexican Central by a route of about three hundred and fifty miles northeast.

Topolobampo is one of the few seaports of the western coast of Mexico. The engineers who have visited it write with confidence that it is destined to be an important commercial point. On the 27th of June, twenty-one colonists from Kansas and Illinois landed at Topolobampo. They were to go to La Logia, thirty miles to the northward. The city has been laid out in genuine western fashion, so that people may have a lot twenty-five feet by one hundred, if they want, exactly as they might have in the city of New York. At this moment there are about a hundred and fifty people encamped in the immediate neighborhood, who are the personal representatives of five thousand people who have taken shares in the Sinaloa enterprise. The value of a share is ten dollars, and whoever pays this sum, if he emigrates to Sinaloa and pays another ten dollars, becomes the possessor of a

city lot; "that is, it will be his while he lives, and will belong after him to his children. It then returns to be a part of the property of the government."

The arrangements of the company are so far on a socialistic plan that all people are paid for their work by the society, women working six hours a day and men eight hours. "There is to be but one newspaper, which is obliged to publish whatever is written and signed." "No liquor-saloons, gambling-houses, or other perverting places will be allowed." "Public nurseries are to be provided for the little ones, where they will be under the care of trained nurses."

Mr. Owen, who represents the company at New York, has letters from the colony which indicate that the culture of cotton already seems successful, and several large orange groves are planted. It is announced that persons wishing to go to the colony can be taken, with their baggage, for forty dollars.

Any one who wishes to trace this interesting experiment from month to month will do well to subscribe to *The Credit Foncier*, which is published once a month at Sinaloa. Subscribers may address Mr. John W. Lovell, Room 723, 32 Nassau Street, enclosing one dollar.

## LIFE OF LONDON.

MR. CHARLES BOOTH, a London merchant, determined to study the poverty of London in the same systematic way in which a great merchant would study the coffee trade. It would seem as if Mr. Booth did not like to hear of misery without knowing how much misery there was; and did not choose to take from the statement of one enthusiast or another an impression as to the character and position of five millions of people.

Mr. Booth organized an office, therefore, for the study of eastern London, so that he might know and be able to tell other people what eastern London is. He engaged seven competent assistants, persons who were not without experience in the study of social problems. These assistants engaged sixty-six visitors. They had their office and they went to work, exactly as an insurance commissioner might go to work to find out how many insurance companies there are in Boston or in New York. Naturally and easily, they were able to obtain the co-operation of all persons and all societies who were at work for the benefit of East London. They took their different returns, made up, of course, in as many different ways as there were societies, and digested them. After years of such work, the result is the first volume of Mr. Booth's book on London.

The publication of this book constitutes an era in social study. The reader will understand from what we have said that here are the statistics, not of one bureau nor of another, but of all the bureaus. The result is that we know now something of what East London is. We do not draw from an optimist's view or from a pessimist's view; we have the picture before us.

Of this very striking book, Professor Peabody, himself

a most competent student, has given an account, which we publish below, in *The Christian Union*. We need not say that we shall constantly have to refer to its statistics in **LEND A HAND**. At this time we have only to express the hope that work so systematic may be of use to those people who are trying to lift up the world everywhere. It would seem as if this book alone might stand as encouragement and warning ; — encouragement, to show that pauperism may be prevented ; warning, against the exaggeration which makes philanthropy run out in sentiment and — why not say — in falsehood.

Every reader will be glad to know that the result of the survey is highly encouraging. On the great map of eastern London, crime, pure and simple, is marked black. The casual class, who are next to crime, are marked with a deep purple ; and so, through a gamut of eight colors, the tints vary for streets and even for parts of streets, till we come out on the light pink hues of prosperity. It is gratifying, then, to see at a glance that the true picture of London is literally a rosy picture. The black spots are so many accidental scratches upon a picture, and, on the whole, prosperity, comfort, and independence are the rule for that part of the world which has been for years spoken of as if it were the signal of the most utter failure of our modern civilization.

Mr. Peabody says : “A region north of the Thames and east of the City was selected for study. It contained about nine hundred thousand inhabitants. The problem was to determine the social conditions and occupations of this community, and to express them in comparative tables from which inferences could be directly drawn. To this end Mr. Booth first classified the entire population under eight different heads, thus : —

- A. Lowest class, loafers and semi-criminals.
- B. Casual earnings, ‘very poor.’
- C. Intermittent earnings, } together the ‘poor.’
- D. Small regular earnings, }
- E. Regular standard earnings, above poverty.

- F. Higher class labor.
- G. Lower middle class.
- H. Upper middle class.

"By the word 'poor' Mr. Booth means those 'whose means are sufficient, but are barely sufficient, for decent, independent life.' By 'very poor' he means those 'whose means are insufficient for this.' 'The poor may be described as living under a struggle to make both ends meet; the very poor live in a state of chronic want.' His first sources of information were, fortunately, ready to his hand in the accumulated knowledge of what are called the School Board Visitors. These inspectors, whose duties correspond in some respects to those of our truant officers, are required to perform a house-to-house visitation, and to keep a record of every house and family in their districts.

"Many of them have served thus for a series of years, and are entirely familiar with the domestic affairs of these streets and lanes, and their evidence as to social conditions is all the more valuable because it was not collected for that immediate end. Sixty-six of these visitors were enlisted by Mr. Booth, and each described in detail to his staff of secretaries the condition of every family in his charge.

"I have lately had the privilege of inspecting, at Mr. Booth's office in London, the method of collecting and classifying this mass of evidence. It fills forty-six large notebooks, and deals with three thousand four hundred streets and places. Its results, in their first form, take shape as follows:—

ST. HUBERT STREET (Class A; black on map).

1. Casual laborer—one room, two school children. Class B.  
(Now gone hopping)  
Charwoman—one room, widow, one child at school, and one baby. Class B. (The widow's sister also lives with her.)  
——— one room, one family, no children.
2. Bootmaker—one room, wife helps, two school children.  
Class C.

Casual laborer—one room, one child at school, two babies.

Class A. (Very low family. Also have one child at Industrial School.)

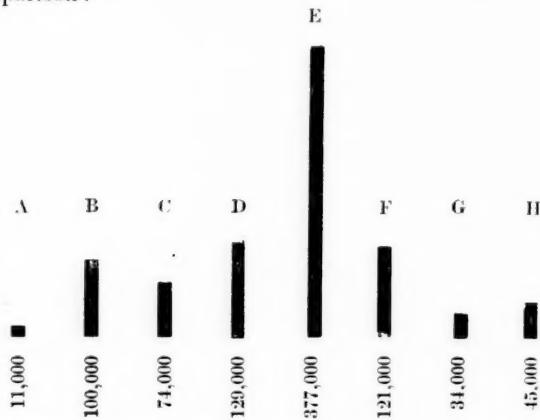
? —— one room, widow, one child at school. Class B.  
Hawker—one room, three children at school. Class A.

"To the results, of which these are illustrations, four assistants of Mr. Booth applied themselves, until, at the end of a three years' task, elaborate tables were compiled, presenting for each section of the whole district the proportions of occupation, earnings, and the condition of the entire population. Finally the whole study was summed up in a colored map of the entire region.

"Black here represents Class A, and the colors run through blue to red as the conditions pass from poverty to plenty. This remarkable map, which has been verified and corrected by the best expert knowledge in the district, presents at a glance the whole situation. One sees the black spots blotting certain quarters and the red march of improvement lighting up large districts, and as he takes a general view of the color of the whole, he is bound to confess that it is neither black nor even dark blue, but, on the other hand, a color representing Class D or E, shading into the pink of the higher classes. Such is the statistical inquiry which marks the peculiar character of the book. There is added a series of special researches into single trades and neighborhoods, contributed by some of the most competent observers of East London life. Three of these papers—including that on the Jewish Community—are by Miss Beatrice Potter, who is already widely known by her picturesque experiences among the Sweaters of East London, and who is likely to be still more widely known as the literary executor of Mr. Herbert Spencer. The interesting paper on the Furniture Trade is by one of the most experienced residents of Toynbee Hall. The most scientific and profitable of these special studies is, however, that of Mr. Llewellyn Smith, a former resident of Toynbee, who, with two companions, has established a mod-

est and beautiful work in industrial education a mile further east. This paper on 'The Influx of Population' should be the model of similar inquiries in every large center of immigration.

"The effect of an inquiry so generous and painstaking as this, has been all that its author could have hoped. It has, in the first place, both re-assured and stimulated the public mind in England. East London, such an analysis shows, is, indeed, a sad and dreary region, and its problems are solemn enough, yet there is no reason for panic or despair. Class A, the vicious and criminals, which had been commonly supposed to dominate the East End, shrinks under this close inspection to the number of eleven thousand, and Class H, the well-to-do, shows the very considerable dimensions of forty-five thousand. The great mass of East Enders fall, however, into Classes D and E, which together contain more than half of the whole, as is graphically illustrated in the following comparison :



"This diagram, which is, indeed, the summing up of the whole inquiry, presents the entire situation at a glance. As Mr. Booth remarks : 'The lot of this central body — ranging from small to standard regular earnings — must be accepted as the common lot of humanity in East London.'

"The degree of poverty,' he goes on to say, ' . . . would be expressed . . . by a shifting of the central body from E toward F, or toward D, as the case might be.' 'It is certain that for the whole of London the center of gravity would move toward F.' Then he concludes: 'The state of things which I describe in these pages, though not so appalling as sensational writers would have us believe, is still bad enough.'

"But it is not merely in diminishing a panic in this special district that Mr. Booth's book is important. It is, still further, the first serious indication of the kind of work which our city charities now imperatively need. Such charities have been, for the most part, the scattered fire of various persons or institutions, aimed at such evils as might for the moment raise their heads. But it is not scattering fire which will rout such enemies as now threaten civilization. There must be a well-ordered, continuous, and comprehensive campaign; and what the army of philanthropists now needs is just such preliminary work as engineers perform for an army in the field—the work of surveying and mapping out the character of each district, and discovering its strategic points.

"In short, what we need is more knowledge—knowledge of the real conditions and perils of each region to be conquered. Such surveys and statistics do not offer opportunities for brilliant warfare or romantic experience, yet on such sober inquiries the prospect of the whole campaign must rest.

"It would probably hasten the true ends of charity in many of our large towns if all but the most rudimentary forms of relief should pause, and the whole force of men and money should be given to such preliminary studies, of which the researches of Mr. Booth must be for years the model.

"Sooner or later every large town must be dealt with as he has dealt with East London; and it is an encouragement to think that hardly any other similar investigation can be so vast or so complicated as his."

## THE CURE OF INEBRIETY.

[FROM DR. Day's instructive report, recently presented to the Washingtonian Home in Boston, we copy the following valuable study. In the whole economy of crime and legislation nothing is more important than the suggestions which he makes at the close of this extract.]

I HAVE thought it well to state briefly some of the forms of inebriety, especially those inebriating agents which have of late come into general use, producing a worse form, and less susceptible of cure, than that produced by older toxic agents. Many of these victims have come under our care for treatment, and hence the diagnosis of the various intoxicants and their action upon the human economy is not difficult, especially to one who is a constant observer of their action.

The most common and dangerous of these agents is

### OPIUM.

What is commonly called the "opium habit" is a true inebriety, though differing in some particulars from alcoholic inebriety. Says an eminent writer on this subject :\* "I cannot lay claim to so great indebtedness to heredity, or so marked pathological disturbance as an antecedent or coincident condition, but it is in a vast number of cases an undoubted disease, a functional neurosis, whence arises a physical crave for a renewal of the sensation of intoxication procurable by the consumption of a fresh dose of opium. Unlike in alcoholic inebriety, organic lesions are rare. Even when premature death ends the succession of alternating states of woe and bliss which constitutes the opium inebriate's life, functional derangement, impairment of the nutritive process, nerve exhaustion, general wasting and emaciation, are the prominent links in the lethal chain."

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\* Dr. Norman Kerr on forms of inebriety.

Alcoholic intemperance may be either social or solitary, indulged in with boon companions or in solitude, the latter being the case with only a minority of alcoholists. Opium-taking, on the other hand, is rarely a social act. Though in opium dens the frequenters may smoke in company, this is merely because there they have their only opportunity of indulging, or comfortably indulging, in their favorite dissipation. When the opium inebriate can follow his inclinations, the drug is taken in private.

Again, alcohol infuriates many of its users. They are maddened and commit acts of violence. They are excited and make a public exhibition of themselves, staggering on the street, and attracting the attention of the passer-by. Opium, on the contrary, while its effects are somewhat varied, rarely hurries its devotees into a thousand more or less extravagances, eccentricities, and misdeeds. It is true, however, that opium in some cases begets most foolish and fatuous acts.

The opium inebriate does not destroy his furniture, beat his wife, dash his child's head against the wall, or pursue his narcotic career, dealing with his hands death and desolation all around. Nor does he, as does the tippler of alcohol, so degenerate his tissues, injure the structure of his vital organs, or originate organic disease, by the direct poisoning action of the stupefying agent which consigns him to an early grave.

We see how extensive are the pathological alterations of organic structure and connective tissue in confirmed alcoholism. The changes which have been observed in opiumism are few and limited. The shrunken and withered ashen appearance of the habitual opium inebriate, is a fair representation of his internal physical state. The repeated contraction of the vessels impairs the nutritive process. When the opium habit has become a disease, it alters nutrition and perverts vital function; it is a prolific cause of insanity, a fertile breeder of impotence, often producing innutrition and malnutrition, leading, by anaemia and marasmus, to a fatal issue.

Above all, opium transcends alcohol in the generation of

a more incurable diseased condition. Cured alcohol inebriates are not uncommon. They abound all over the country. Cured opium inebriates are comparatively few in number. It is much more difficult to abandon the opium, than the alcohol, habit. It is computed by the best authority that there is more opium used in the United States than in any other nation, not excepting China. This fact ought to awaken a public sentiment against this foul and mind-destroying habit.

Twenty years ago a lady placed herself under my care as a confirmed opium-taker. She found herself unfit for the duties of life, the brain being paralyzed, after several years of bondage to this habit.

Four years after she left me, cured and restored to her right mind, she wrote me a long letter, a part of which I take the liberty to quote :

Meantime my medicine had come to be felt as a something indispensable, and I found myself at length a prisoner bound, as I have been for thirteen long and weary years. Let no one be deluded in holding converse with the sorcerer, presuming he can say at will, "Thus far and no farther," for all such resolutions fade like the mists before the morning sun. The charmer decoys only to devour; the fruit offered is as

"The apples on the Dead Sea shore,  
All ashes to the taste."

More cruel than Juggernaut is this tormentor, for he crushes under his remorseless wheels his devotee into annihilation ; this prolongs the agony in a death, progressing, as it were, at a snail's pace. . . . Opium deadens the heart and dries up the sensibilities ; and though for a time exerting a stimulative operation upon the brain, invariably precipitates its victim into a gloomy depression, when all the worthy aspirations of the soul dwindle and die out. The religious sentiment, too, declines to the zero-point, or, worse, becomes transformed into moody fatalism, until the perverted and tortured soul, no longer sensible to the cheery light of heaven, is perchance driven into its certain and final refuge, the solitary self-isolation of grim despair. Perchance vague dreams haunt us in the night-visions ; it is only to mock us with images of inaccessible loftiness

and intangible grandeur. Conscious as yet of a surviving personal existence, we seem to ourselves, nevertheless, still shut outside, as it were, of the gates of life, real and actual. . . . To tamper with opium by any sort of compromise is to lift the port-cullis, and give an unobstructive passage into the citadel. Thus musing, my better nature awoke out of the gloomy shadows that had shrouded the past, with a returning struggle and an effectual reach toward a loftier and purer plain of life in the golden sunshine of a reassured faith.

I have of late learned that she abstains from the use of the drug which so darkened the early years of her womanhood. She is a lady of intelligence, and the opium was, in the first place, prescribed by her physician. She knew nothing of the nature of the drug until she found herself bound by the subtle enemy.

The pernicious effects resulting from the continuous use of opium in excess (and excess is the law) for the purpose of obliterating the sense of the present and actual, and of creating an exaggerated and unnatural ideal of existence and enjoyment, are scarcely liable to be overwrought in the description. The opium devotee is not merely one of the most abject slaves, but one of the most degraded and helpless of wretches. Happy only in the realm of dreams and illusory vacuities, he rushes impetuously along toward the slippery verge where the glittering fanciful merges into the sober and portentous real, and then he stumbles irrecoverably. The moral sense is now become more deranged and diseased even than in proportion to the deterioration and decay of the physical forces, and thenceforward

"Clouds and darkness rest upon him."

#### THE MODES OF INTRODUCING THE DRUG INTO THE SYSTEM.

Opium is seldom taken in its crude form. Opium drank in the liquid form, as laudanum, was the common mode previous to the days of the hyperdermic syringe, and now this instrument is used mostly in self-administration, and now the

victim of the habit is called, in the literature of the subject, morphinomaniac, instead of opiumaniac. I have seen several cases where the arms and legs were covered almost entirely over with dark, indurated spots, and sometimes covered with ulcers, from the self-inflicted wounds for the purpose of introducing morphia into the system. I have not time or space to show the various morbid conditions which this degrading habit develops. To call this habit brutal is only to degrade the brute. I can only say it is the darkest spot in the pages of human depravity.

The next form of inebriety I will mention briefly is the

#### CHLORAL HABIT.

A distinguished physician remarked to me recently, that the world would have been much better off, had chloral never been discovered. It seems to be the habit of mankind to choose the most useful things, given for man's good, for brutalizing himself. Chloral is useful in a certain circumscribed sense, but it is a dangerous drug, and should be in the hands only of the judicious physician. I have seen dangerous symptoms in patients who have self-prescribed what is called bromo-chloral, yet it is advertised and sold as freely as epsom salts. It is dangerous in several ways. It engenders a vicious habit, and causes one to live a dreamy, lazy, worthless life. Under its use the same condition obtains which is found in the Chinese opium-joints, and one is about as reasonable and respectable as the other. To persons of weak heart, or any valvular disease of that organ, chloral is especially dangerous.

Among other dangerous drugs may be mentioned cocaine, and compounds made up from drugs before mentioned. Extract of Jamaica ginger, which is so extensively advertised and sold, is another fruitful source of inebriety, and a stumbling-block in the way of reform. I think I can count as many who have fallen from a high purpose of reform by the use of this alcoholic ginger, as from the grog-shop. The

drug-store where ginger is dispensed is only the direct road to the grog-shop. The effect of these strong alcoholic tinctures is

#### ORGANIC DETERIORATION.

The continuance in the use of these drugs leads to disorganization of vital structure. They corrugate the coatings of the stomach and produce organic changes, followed by indigestion and chronic dyspepsia. And thereby other vital organs are more or less depraved. The heart, lungs, and kidneys respond to this by non-assimilation of healthy food, and finally the whole man is made sick and miserable. The nervous structures follow, or, it may be, precede, the stomach, in the order of derangement. I have not traced out, neither do I deem it necessary for my present purpose, the organic chain of nerves; but we do know that the induction of alcohol in any form reduces the power of the nervous system, more particularly those higher and reasoning centres, the brain and its subsidiary parts, the spinal cord, and voluntary nerves; we are aware that they are supplied with blood through vessels weakened, and in condition either of undue tension or undue relaxation. Moreover, the delicate membranes which envelop and immediately surround the nervous cords are acted upon more readily by the alcohol than the coarser membranous textures of other parts, and thus a combined arrangement of evils affects the nervous matter, affecting the organs of sense and other nervous phenomena. The effect of alcohol is the same, whether imbibed as tinctures, bitters, or the common alcoholic beverages.

There is one common phase of inebriety which I have but alluded to in a former treatise, in contradistinction from excessive drinking or drunkenness itself, and that is the form commonly known among medical writers as

#### DIPSOMANIA.

Dr. Quain defines this disease as "Irritability of the nervous system characterized by a craving, generally periodical, for alcoholic and other stimulants."

Dr. Hargraves gives a better definition: "Dipsomania is a term employed to signify an insatiable desire for intoxicating drinks, which assumes three forms: viz., the acute, periodic, and continuous."

In the acute form, the person formerly temperate and sober, suddenly commences to drink to excess, and soon becomes careless and indifferent to all claims of business or family, and seems as if determined to drink himself to death as soon as possible.

The periodic form, with which we have the most to do, is mostly connected with some hereditary taint of insanity, intemperance, or injury to the head. An instability of character, and indications of peculiar nervous irritability may generally be recognized as having preceded the distinct development of the craving for intoxicants. It is also usual to find such persons as are predisposed to the disorder, abnormally-sensitive to the influence of stimulants. In every case, very small quantities of alcohol will produce appreciable intoxication. The duration of the periods of craving is variable; but most commonly they last one or two weeks.

The remissions continue for periods varying from two to twelve months. During the period of craving the whole moral being is enthralled by the morbid desire; and regard for truth, decency, or duty, is generally altogether lost. Moderate indulgence in a stimulant may bring on the morbid craving, but the desire is most generally developed without any such introduction.

I usually recognize the indications of a coming attack by a restlessness and depression which precedes any such indulgence. Nothing but positive confinement, with the strongest bolts and bars, will prevent such persons from plunging into the most degrading drunkenness. They will sell their clothes and wander about naked, or obtain some ragged outfit to slightly cover their nakedness. I have known them to steal, and sell their wives' and children's clothing to procure poison to keep up their debauch. They will commit murder, if, by

so doing, they can obtain money ; and no doubt this crime is often committed for this purpose alone.

Pawn-shops are usually an appendage to the rum-shop. They are ready at all times to take little children's clothing from a drunken father, in order for him to get a few more drinks.

During the intervals of these attacks, the patient seems, except when the brain has been weakened by frequent attacks, to recover completely ; and he generally displays great confidence in his ability to resist the tendency in future. He often becomes religious, or succeeds in making others think he is. He will sometimes constitute himself a temperance lecturer, and by his repeated tales of his previous degradation will gain much sympathy from the public. Repeated attacks always produce a permanent degradation, both intellectual and moral ; and if the patient live long enough, he lapses into a state of dementia. It sometimes happens that some disease of the brain, of which the dipsomania had been symptomatic, manifests itself in paralytic convulsive symptoms ; and the appearance of such phenomena is often accompanied by a modification of the craving. I have known cases of this nature. They would stop drinking, and claim for themselves much praise and virtue, when, in fact, the brain had been *burned out* of its best qualities, together with the insane desire and passion for drunkenness.

After a striking quotation from \* \* \* \* \* Dr Day goes on to say :—

True dipsomania may easily be, and often is, confounded with mere habitual drunkenness. In dipsomania, however, there is a fundamental condition of the brain which manifests itself irrespective of external circumstances of temptation. In habitual drunkenness the craving consists mainly in a desire to keep up a condition of stimulation, to which the brain has become accustomed. The habit is the result merely of compliance with a vicious custom, and there is no such periodicity or independence of external influences in the symptoms as is found in the true disease. \* \* \* \* This disease is more

frequently developed in the constant drinker, one who is called a generous drinker, but not a drunkard. It is the slow process of poisoning which brings on delirium.

There is one fact which I observe, and that is, the dipsomaniac, though his drinking spells may be quite infrequent, they generally become less so. Some will have an attack three or four times a year, but after a few years the attacks will appear once a month, and at last the whole life is filled up with constant drinking, until total dementia, or death, ends his miserable life. For several years the increased inquiry has been made, and it comes to us almost daily: "What can be done with the dipsomaniac?" The only answer we can now give is: He can be complained of, and by order of court sent to a criminal institution, or to an insane asylum. But none of these institutions are proper places for the treatment of these cases. He is not a criminal, save only by statutes made in ages when there was little or no investigation as to the mental condition of such persons.

Thirty-two years ago a large number of citizens petitioned the Legislature for the establishment of an asylum for inebriates, and within the past three years there has been action taken favorable to such an institution, but it has failed, from some cause, of final success.

We are constantly admitting these cases, but we have not the proper authority, nor sufficient appliances, for their detention a sufficient length of time to secure favorable results.

The superintendents of insane asylums are not in sympathy with the law that compels them to admit dipsomaniacs, and most of them are discharged before favorable results are obtained. They are not considered insane, but very wicked and sinful men and women, which is generally not true. They affirm that the insane asylum is not for drunkards, and it is true that it is not. To commit such men as criminals, with convicted criminals, is a disgrace to the age in which we live. It is a relic of ages whose acts, in respect to dealing with the unfortunate, are fast passing away.

## TEN TIMES ONE.

Look up and not down,  
Look forward and not back,  
Look out and not in,  
Lend a Hand.

WITH the opening of the year's work, and the increasing interest in Ten Times One and sister clubs, it becomes necessary to rehearse the story of the origin and growth of these clubs, for the benefit of those readers who are new to the work, and to give some suggestions for the coming season, when, with fresh and re-created energies, the old workers will return to their posts, ready to lend a hand, In His Name, to all who need it.

The origin of the clubs dates back nineteen years. The little book *Ten Times One is Ten* was written in 1870. It opens with a meeting in a railroad station of ten people, who had just come from the funeral of Harry Wadsworth, the hero of the story. Naturally, they talked of him, and one and another told, in simple fashion, what he had done for him or her. And so, with no constitution or by-laws, the first club was formed: i. e., they all agreed to write to one person. The book was written to show the influence of a pure, loving, helpful life on ten people, and then the ten people go their ways, scattering this influence among a hundred, and the hundred among a thousand, until the whole world lives by the Wadsworth mottoes,

Look up and not down,  
Look forward and not back,  
Look out and not in,  
Lend a hand,

And In His Name work the miracles of love.

Clubs were immediately formed, some of which lived a longer, some a shorter time. Occasional reports showed before long, that

these clubs needed to know what sister clubs were doing, and where they were. And with that want came the central organization of Ten Times One.

So simple and yet so broad is the organization that it embraces everything which builds on the Wadsworth mottoes. There are Orders which have their own officers, independent of the Organization, but while a common Father makes a brotherhood of men, a common basis makes us all members of the Ten Times One Organization.

We use the Maltese cross as our badge, with the initials of our watchword, "In His Name," engraved upon it.

Many of the old lines of work for the coming season will be followed and with profit, but suggestions for something new, and work suited to peculiar limitations, are constantly asked for, and we like to know that in these columns answers are often given suiting the various requirements of the clubs. It would be a help (and the editor of this department would accept it gratefully), if in the perplexities the reports often show, the leaders of clubs would take such an interest as to answer the questions when possible, and lend a very friendly hand to those who need it. This is one of the simplest ways in which they can widen their interest in unselfish work.

In our new magazine for younger readers, *The Look-out*, which is designed to take the place of the Ten Times One department of LEND A HAND, with wider opportunities, the editor proposes to print such questions as may be sent in with regard to clubs and club work. This column will be called "Clouds," and anyone who can assist in clearing the mists is cordially requested to do so.

Rev. J. C. Collins, of New Haven, has been much interested in clubs among boys where he has established reading-rooms and wrought much good. These boys belong to very poor and oftentimes vicious families. By his active exertions the "Christian Workers" have taken up the matter, and are helping forward the enterprise. It is hoped to open three of these clubs in three large cities of Massachusetts this autumn. Lend a Hand Clubs of boys in particular will be glad to help other boys, and they can do so by gifts of books and games, by an occasional letter of fellowship, or by money, which can be expended on the articles which the clubs may most need.

We have more than once spoken in these columns of the Oak

Hill Industrial School at Wheelock, Indian Territory. Some of the clubs have already aided the school, but there is still much to be done there. The school is established for the colored children who were formerly slaves of the Choctaw Indians. They are degraded and ignorant, but the superintendent of the school writes encouragingly. There is little that the school does not need, from a new building to the picture-cards which interest the youngest children. Letters addressed to Mrs. James F. McBride, Wheelock, Choctaw Nation, Indian Territory, will receive prompt attention, and no club that wishes for work of this sort need be idle with so needy a call. Indeed, it is right to state here that any of the Indian schools and missions would be glad of the assistance and sympathy of the clubs.

But work may be found yet nearer home in the little services rendered which make our loved ones or our neighbors happier. Elderly people do not like to be overlooked by the children, as if the interests of old and young were separate. Letter-writing by the young to the lone aunt or stranger uncle, not spasmodically, but at regular times, is a simple way of giving much pleasure to others. Let a club add this to its other work, and every week each member report a bright, "newsy" letter, written to some elderly relative or friend of the family. The club can feel for itself the satisfaction of the work, and it is a true following out of Harry Wadsworth's principles.

As the cold weather comes on, there are many people, delicate or old, or so pressed with the cares of life that they cannot leave their homes. Many of them would like to read an hour in the evening if they had the books which the libraries afford. A club could own one or two catalogues of the Public Library, and a committee be appointed to leave them certain days at certain houses. Another committee could call, and, taking the numbers selected, visit the library and procure the books, returning them at the stated time. Yes, this requires a little time from base ball, from coasting, from skating, from cosy chats and bewitching stories, but it is an hour given "In His Name," and no thought of self ruled His actions. Shall it rule ours?

In some of the large cities, the city forester, each autumn, gives the plants which are not to be kept over for another spring, to the

children who may choose to come for them. In many a private garden there are thrifty plants left to die, when they would brighten some window and give pleasure to some life, if only a little thought were given to distributing them among the children of our public schools. Think of it, and do not leave the plants to perish, nor the hearts to hunger for the beauty which would help to brighten their homes.

Those who are familiar with the story of "In His Name" will probably have been interested in the statements we have already published regarding the Waldensian schools in Italy. They will be glad to know that within the last month the clubs have forwarded to Siena all the money necessary for the school there this winter. By far the largest part of this amount was contributed by the club in Portland, Oregon, under the direction of Miss Spalding, the same as was the case last year. Is it not interesting that the young people of one of the newest cities of the world should be able to work In His Name for the help of the children in one of the oldest?

Our mottoes are old, and they are full of meaning: Faith, Hope, Love, and Charity. In His Name we ask a blessing on our work. In His Name we go forth strong for the battle, and In His Name we bring in God's Kingdom.

## ZAIDEE, AND WHAT THE KING'S DAUGHTERS DID FOR HER.

BY CARRIE A. GRIFFIN.

THERE she sat at the window, from morning till night, and some one had said, "perhaps from night until morning," as, however early one might chance to go by, there was always the frail little figure, leaning back upon the pillows, or looking wistfully out at the passers-by, with such a sad look on her sweet, pale face that every one's sympathies were at once enlisted.

Who she was, and how she came so suddenly to appear at the Widow Dobson's window, seemingly as a fixture, were questions all the inhabitants of Melton were soon asking.

The widow Dobson was not very well known in Melton. She was a retiring body, who supported herself by taking in what is termed "plain sewing," and it was suspected that at times she found it hard to make both ends meet. So when the little pale face first made its appearance at the poor widow's kitchen window there was of course a great deal of wonderment and conjecture. It was soon known, however, that the child's name was Zaidee; that she had spinal disease, and could not walk a step; that she was the child of a sister of Mrs. Dobson, who had recently died in Boston, where Zaidee had always lived; and that, as she was now alone in the world, the good woman had taken her right into her heart and home. To use her own words: "She didn't jest see her way clear, but it was her duty plain enough, and she'd trust the Lord for help in doing *that*, any day."

So after that, it was surprising how many of the Melton ladies had "more sewing in the house than they could possibly get through with, and wouldn't Mrs. Dobson please help them out?" etc., etc., until the dear soul had occasion to thank God on her knees for sending Zaidee.

Then, too, the delicacies and dainty dishes, and quite as often

substantial ones, which found their way to the widow's cottage, "for Zaidee," of course. This was such a pleasant way for the neighbors to do their share in lightening the burden, and offering what the widow's pride would never have allowed her accepting for herself, but by which she was as much benefited as her young charge, for Zaidee always insisted that her aunt should share the good things, with her.

To the children of Melton, Zaidee was an object of much interest. As they passed the house on their way to school, they would often run in with a picture-card, a few flowers, or whatever they thought would please or interest the poor girl.

One day a particular friend of Zaidee, little Isabelle Reeves, went with her mamma to call on a very old gentleman, who had been sick a long time. They found him out of doors on the piazza, in what, to Isabelle, seemed a very queer kind of chair. It had large wheels at the sides, and with very little exertion the sick man was able to wheel himself about, and, in fact, take quite a ride.

Isabelle was very thoughtful on her way home that afternoon, and at the tea-table her serious face attracted Mr. Reeves's attention.

"What are you thinking of, Puss?" he asked, playfully. "You look as if the cares of the world were resting on your shoulders."

"I was thinking of the sick man mamma took me to see this afternoon, and of the nice chair he had, and I was wishing, O, so much! that Zaidee could have one like it," she replied, earnestly.

"Ah! that's it, is it? Well, I wish she could, my dear," and, taking the evening paper, Mr. Reeves was soon absorbed in its contents, while Isabelle continued in deep thought.

Suddenly she jumped up, and, clapping her hands, exclaimed:—

"I have it! I have it! O mamma, wouldn't it be just lovely if our 'Ten' could get a chair for Zaidee? Don't you think we could?"

"Yes, dear, perhaps you might," answered mamma, smiling at her little daughter's enthusiasm. "Speak to the girls about it, and to Miss Mason, and see what they think of it."

Isabelle's Ten was a circle of King's Daughters, which nine little girls with herself had just formed, under the direction of their

Sabbath school teacher, Miss Mason. They wore their little crosses, and had adopted the name of the "Willing Workers," pledging themselves to do all they could for others, or any little work which was required of them at home, willingly, but any special work had not yet been agreed upon. Here was just the thing for them, so it seemed to Isabelle; but how would they get the necessary money?

Well, she would speak to Miss Mason and the girls about it, and some way would surely be opened.

Zaidee was a favorite with all the girls. Every heart went out in pity to the patient sufferer, who could never join them in their games and frolics; so when Isabelle told them of the wheeled-chair, and of her idea, they were all delighted, and agreed it would be "just lovely" to get such a chair for Zaidee.

The matter was laid before Miss Mason, and she, much gratified that the seed which she had sown had so soon taken root, promised to think it over, and see what could be done.

The following Sunday, as the ten eager faces were raised to hers, she said: —

"Now, girls, I have an idea, but whether it will amount to anything or not rests almost entirely with you. I want you all to tell me what you can do best; I mean in the way of sewing, fancy-work housework, anything and everything that you do at home."

They all became very thoughtful. Suddenly one little girl said, shyly: —

"I can make aprons nicely; I made a lovely one for auntie's birthday last week."

"That's good," said Miss Mason, smiling, and in a little notebook she jotted down: Ella Cram, aprons.

"I can make nice iron-holders," said another, timidly.

Miss Mason smiled again, and wrote: Lulu Stone, iron-holders.

Two voices were now heard at once, "I," and "I."

"One at a time," interposed their teacher. "Maude, what is it?"

"I can't sew anything very well, but I can make lovely cake."

They all smiled at this, but down went: Maude Sewell, "lovely" cake.

A good deal of thinking went on, and into the little note-book

went some queer inventories. Against one name was written: "Can sweep and dust well;" against another, "Drawn-work handkerchiefs, etc.,;" and another, "Knit reins, with toy knitter."

One little girl did not get much time to do anything, as she had to tend baby all the time, and, quick as a flash, against her name went, "Baby tending." So it went on, until it came to the last little girl at the end of the seat. She looked rather forlorn, as she rather shamefacedly confessed that she "couldn't do much of anything but darn stockings."

"Just the thing!" exclaimed Miss Mason, gaily, and as "Mamie Barnes, stocking mending," completed the list, the mysterious little book was put into Miss Mason's pocket, and as she took up the lesson-paper, the disappointed little faces, looking reproachfully into hers, caused her to smile, as she said: —

"Now, dears, have a little patience with me, won't you? I can't tell you my plan just yet, for it rests with some one else, as well as ourselves. Come to my house Saturday afternoon, at three o'clock, and I'll tell you all about it."

A long-drawn sigh went around the class, as they reluctantly opened their lesson-books. During the week they kept asking one another if Saturday would ever come. But it came at last, and ten little pairs of feet were walking up the path that led to Miss Mason's house just as the church clock was striking three.

The note-book was opened, and they were shown that three or four more leaves had been closely written over since Sunday. What it meant was this: Miss Mason had spent the whole week calling upon the different ladies in town, and telling them of her girls' desire to obtain a wheeled-chair for Zaidee. All the ladies were interested at once, and their hands involuntarily went to their pocket-books; but no,—this was not what Miss Mason wanted. The Ten were to give the money, and her idea was that they should earn it themselves. It was the ladies' help in this direction which she wanted. So she read from her list the things which each could do, asking the ladies if they would be willing to hire any of the things done.

"Indeed they would, even if they were in need of none," but it was soon found that one lady "just detested" cake-making, and if Maude Sewell would come to her house and make two or three loaves,

on Saturday mornings, she would pay her well. Another really needed some aprons. Another disliked dusting, above all things, and so it went on, until every name on the list was engaged, and against the name of Mamie Barnes was, dear me! I wouldn't dare tell you how many names.

The little girl whose specialty was baby-tending was to be paid a trifle by her mamma, and hired by another lady in the neighborhood to tend her baby, when she could be spared at home.

The plan being novel, of course met with the girls' acceptance, and they thought it would be "such fun," but Miss Mason cautioned them not to look upon it as all fun, as they would have to give their time for a while after school hours, Saturdays especially, and they might not find it all play.

Well, to make a long story short, they were very much in earnest, and eager to carry sunshine into the life of their poor friend; so although they were nearly three months in earning the desired amount, yet they did get a good deal of fun out of it, as they met and compared notes.

And when the chair was actually bought, and presented to Zaidee, it would be hard to say which was the happier: Zaidee, or the ten little King's Daughters.

## THE MIDSUMMER FETE AT ELIOT.

THE King's Daughters at Eliot gave for the second time a mid-summer fete in the middle of August. The object, as announced, of this fete was to interest their neighbors and friends in the town library and reading-room which they have established. But it was quite clear that everybody was interested in these already, and, quite apart from this assigned object, the fete was in itself most successful as bringing together more than a thousand people who were glad to meet each other, and who spent together hours full of interest.

Under a large pavilion were pretty booths arranged, one for the sale and exhibition of Japanese articles, one for articles from Hungary, one of Norwegian contributions, and so on, so that almost every principal nationality of the world had its representatives among the young people of Eliot, and their friends who assisted them in giving brilliancy to the occasion. In a large annex were the tables of an extemporized restaurant, where people who were hungry or were thirsty could eat or could drink. In the larger pavilion was a platform on which the band was stationed, so that there was good music going on all the time; and in the afternoon of the first day addresses were made by the editor of this journal, by Mr. Waldron, by some of the Portsmouth clergymen, and others, on the work which the King's Daughters have in hand, and the prospect which it gives for a liberal education. We wish we could send to each of our subscribers the Echoes of the Fete as they are given in its own journal; in particular, a bright prophecy of what the fete is to be in the year 1989 would amuse and interest every one if we might reprint it.

The King's Daughters are full of good hope for the enlargement of their library. But even as it stands it is a most successful institution for the amusement, instruction, and general welfare of the pretty town of Eliot.

In the first number of *The Look-out* we shall print a picture of Rosemary Cottage, which is also in Eliot, and which has been actively at work for the poor women and children of Boston all through the summer.

## REPORTS OF TEN TIMES ONE CLUBS, ETC.

PERSONS who are forming clubs, or are interested in Ten Times One work, are requested to address all letters of inquiry to Mrs. Bernard Whitman, Lawrence Avenue, Dorchester, Mass.

Mrs. Whitman is the central secretary of the clubs, and will gladly give information or help in forming them. It is desirable to keep the list of clubs as complete as possible, and all clubs based on the Wadsworth mottoes which have not sent in their names are requested to do so.

### ROXBURY, MASS.

THE "In His Name" Society was organized in October, 1888. The society adopted the Wadsworth mottoes and the badge of the clubs: a Maltese cross with the letters I. H. N. engraved upon it.

There are nineteen members, sixteen of the girls and boys from the two older classes in Sunday school, the teachers of the classes, and our pastor. The real object of the society is to teach its members the spirit of self-sacrifice and helpfulness. Our means have been limited thus far, so that we have not done as much as we wish, but hope another year to accomplish much more. We sent thirty books to a Sunday school library in Littleton, N. H., and a package of cards and a Christmas letter to an Industrial School in Indian Territory. Each month we have supplied a needed comfort to some sick person. We sang four Sundays at the Old Ladies' Home, two Sundays at the Home for Aged Couples, and one evening at a Home for Working Girls, and we sent some Christmas and Easter remembrances to those less favored than ourselves.

We have decided to give what we have another year to the helping of some good work in Roxbury, believing in the wisdom of the saying: "Charity begins at home." After learning of the great good that was being accomplished by the "District Nurse" and "Diet Kitchen," and the great need of money to carry on and enlarge the work, we voted to do all we could for that work the coming year. The "District Nurse" gave an interesting account of

her work to us at one of our meetings. I wish you all might have heard her story. You would have felt, with us, that we could give our money in no better or more needed work.

We do not expect to accomplish great things, but shall feel the society has not been for naught if, through its influence, we learn the lesson that only that life is worth living which makes the lives of those with whom it comes in contact, truer, purer, and happier.

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MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

WE call ourselves the Helping Hand Club. We only lend a hand when we get a chance. We have our badges, but we have to help mother more than any one else, and do not get much chance to do anything really big. I know that the big things grow from the little ones, but we have not got that far yet.

I have a pony, and she needs tending to; then there are coal and ashes and water to look after, and school to go to, and over a hundred evening papers to deliver, as I carry a *Journal* route.

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NETHERWOOD, N. J.

OUR Ten Times One is Ten Club has been organized six months. Our name is "The Helpful Ten;" our motto, the "Wadsworth motto," and we number twelve, all children, but myself, aged six to twelve years. It is wonderful to witness the enthusiasm of these girls, and how anxious they are to be "helpful."

We meet every two weeks—except during August. Each must pay a fine of five cents if late, and a fine of ten cents if absent. We have very few fines. We sent a box to Johnstown mothers, and each member contributed five articles. There were five cakes of soap, five towels, five combs, five tooth-brushes, five wash-cloths, five papers of pins, five papers of needles, five hanks of thread, five pound-packages of hominy, five one-dollar bills, etc.; each one sending according to her wish and ability. And such a time as we had packing the box, and marking it to Miss Clara Barton, Johnstown, Pa.! We wrote Miss Barton a letter telling all about it, and received a very lovely letter in reply. You never saw hap-

pier children than they were when I read Miss Barton's letter to them. We have been making bed-shoes for hospitals, and next month we are going to make some beds, out of boxes given us by friends, and put in each one a doll, for children in hospitals. We think sick children should have dolls as well as children who are not sick.

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AYER, MASS.

OUR Sunday school some time since adopted the Wadsworth mottoes, as representing its desire to include Lend-a-Hand work in its plans, and placed the engraved copy upon the walls of the vestry, in which the meetings are held. The benevolent work includes contributions to the Children's Mission, Country Week, the Johnstown sufferers, the support of the home church and its various activities. A class of girls will probably take as a name the King's Daughters, and co-operate with the general work in such ways as may be open to them, helping to sustain a choir, the work of the Sunday school, assisting the Ladies' Society, providing flowers for the church and Sunday school service, to be afterward given where they will do the most good, etc. Of course this is not new work for the Sunday school, which has always been a helper as it had opportunity, but it seemed a good and pleasant thing to specially recognize the Lend-a-Hand work in this special way.

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NORTH CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

THE Whatsoever Club of King's Daughters — connected with the North Avenue Universalist Church, Cambridge, Mass.—was organized in November, 1888, with a board of officers consisting of a president, vice president, secretary, and treasurer, and a total membership of fifteen.

It adopted the I. H. N. badge, and duly enrolled itself with the Lend a Hand Clubs of which Dr. Hale is president and Mrs. Bernard Whitman the central secretary. Its members also subscribed to the Wadsworth mottoes, and to the following pledge: —

"I promise to give some quiet moment every day to my King, either in thought, religious reading, or prayer. I promise to do

what I can to promote the prosperity of the church of my faith. I promise to attend the monthly meetings of the Whatsoever Club, unless prevented by some reason which I can offer with a good conscience to my King." Meetings have been held monthly, and while the club has not engaged in any specific work, by little deeds of kindness, thoughtfulness, and love it has been helpful in many ways — co-operating with the pastor in visiting the sick and afflicted, distributing flowers and delicacies, bundles of clothing to the needy, and thus, in "lending a hand" to others, its members feel that their own hearts have broadened, and that the willing service tendered "In His Name" has been returned to them in nobler thoughts and higher aspirations.

A movement having recently been made in the Universalist denomination towards the establishment of a home for invalid young women, the club has formed within its ranks a circle of "Bethany Sisters," and it is now actively engaged in soliciting subscriptions toward this most worthy object, which has been duly organized under the name of the "Bethany Home."

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MOBILE, ALA.

THE members of our Bands are, with few exceptions, pupils of our mission school and church. Very few can find the necessary spare pennies, so we have worked In His Name, lending a hand wherever we could. The girls worked well, and have a quilt nearly completed, which they will sell and use the money to help those more needy than themselves.

The little girls made flower-gardens last spring for the express purpose of giving flowers to the sick at the city hospitals.

## RAMABAI.

IT is earnestly hoped that some of the Ten Times One Clubs, in arranging their work for the year which begins this autumn, will include in their plans the work of assisting Ramabai in her school in Bombay, which has now been so successfully commenced. One of the things needed for the school is a "Kindergarten set." If one club did not feel able to furnish this, several might combine to do so. Those who would like to work for Ramabai in any way are asked to address Mrs. G. N. Dana, 318 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

## EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

THE girls have been rather actively at work in other societies connected with the Sunday school, and this has interfered somewhat with our meetings, as I have not wanted to withdraw any of their energies from the larger work, and they could not well attend to both. I do believe, however, that the Lend-a-Hand thought has inspired them to better work in many of these ways.

PEOPLE will help if they see you working. A butcher found that a young lady was buying beef for tea for the poor, and he said, "Well, I guess I can give her a pound of beef a week," and he has, right straight along all the winter and spring,—even now. One Ten has done lovely things, nobody knowing anything about it except Him in whose Name it is done.

WE call ourselves the "Rainbow Ten," although there are only seven of us now. We call ourselves that because the rainbow comes after the rain with the sunshine, you know.

# INTELLIGENCE.

## RAMABAI ASSOCIATION.

LETTER FROM THE PUNDITA RAMABAI.

SHARADA SADAN,

CHOWPATTY, BOMBAY,

July 23, 1889.

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THERE is nothing very much to tell in this letter. We are having a ten days' vacation. Miss Demmon has gone to Poona for a little change of air. Some of our girls have gone home to spend the holidays.

I had a little note on the ninth instant from the Bishop of Bombay, in which he enclosed a check to the value of £60 4s. 6d., which had been sent to him by a gentleman for our widows' school. I do not know who the gentleman is (except his name) nor his address.

Three more widows have applied for admission, and will probably come here very soon. The school girls have vacation, but there is none for me. There is so much work to do that my hands are always full. Each night I find some duty or other unfinished for want of time.

Our school is well organized by this time, and everything going on nicely. Some of the missionaries residing in Bombay told me the other day that they were surprised to see us doing so well, for they had grave doubts about our having even a single high-caste woman, especially a high-caste widow, in the school.

READERS of the letters from Pundita Ramabai must have realized that many duties have arisen requiring her personal

attention, which even a wise executive committee could not have foreseen. There is a vast responsibility resting upon Ramabai, and this care is greatly increased by the length of time necessary for an exchange of letters. After consultation, the Association has decided to send a member of the executive committee, who also is the secretary of the Pacific Branch of the Ramabai Association, to represent them in India, and, in consultation with the advisory board there, to act upon all matters requiring immediate attention. Miss Hamlin has been an active worker for the school, and will be of invaluable assistance to both Ramabai and the association. We hope to give our readers, from time to time, letters from her, as well as from the Pundita herself. Miss Hamlin sails from New York in September, and takes the first steamer from Liverpool direct, which sails October 12th.

Extract from a letter from the Honorable Secretary of the Indian Association, London :—

"I enclose a letter of credit for £120 15s. to you as treasurer of the Ramabai fund in the United States. I lately informed the Pundita that this sum was the amount of the subscriptions made lately in England on behalf of her House, and she requested me to forward it to you.

"I lately had the pleasure of meeting Ramabai again in Bombay, and she seems to have made a successful beginning with some pupils."

The readers of *LEND A HAND* need not fear that the treasury of the Ramabai Association will be overflowing because an unknown friend and the Indian Association of England have so generously contributed. Each letter tells of new pupils who have applied, and contributions are still much needed.

Mr. T. Jefferson Coolidge, Jr., Bay State Trust Co., 87 Boylston Street, Boston, is the treasurer of the Ramabai Association, and will gladly receive money to be devoted to general expenses, or the building fund, as may be desired by the giver. Particulars with regard to the work may be had

by addressing the secretary, Miss A. P. Granger, Canandaigua, N. Y.

Ramabai's book, "The High-Caste Hindu Widow," is for sale by Damrell & Upham, Boston, as well as by the Woman's Temperance Publication Association, Chicago.

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### CHRISTIAN WORKERS.

THE Fourth Convention of Christian Workers in the United States and Canada will be held in Buffalo, N. Y., Oct. 24-29. Circulars and outline programme may be obtained by addressing the secretary, Rev. John C. Collins, First National Bank Building, New Haven, Conn.

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### PAUPERISM.

THE number of paupers in England and Wales continuously decreased from 763,849 in the first week of March to 699,797 in the fourth week of May, 1889. This is lower than the number in the corresponding week of the three previous years. If the population be estimated at 28,628,804, the number given above indicates a proportion of 24.4 in every 1,000 of the population. This is one in the 1,000 less than last year, and, indeed, is the smallest proportion of paupers to population yet reached at this particular time of year since the time the statistics were first recorded, which was in 1844, when the proportion of the population of 19,042,412 was 44.2 in the 1,000. Of the 699,797 paupers 174,814 were in-door and 524,983 out-door. In the metropolis the number in the same week was 91,090, nearly 3,000 fewer than the year before. In several years the actual number of paupers in the metropolis has been less, but if the population taken as estimated at 4,282,921, the average, 21.3 in the 1,000, is lower than that of any year yet recorded.

SUBSCRIBE now for *The Look-out*, a new monthly magazine of thirty-two pages, to be the special organ of all the Clubs. It will be edited by Rev. Edward E. Hale and Mrs. Bernard Whitman, the president and secretary of the Central Organization.

Price, one dollar a year, payable in advance. Ten numbers will be sent to any Club which remits five dollars, and a larger number at the same rates. The first number of *The Look-out* will be ready in October, 1889. Clubs and persons wishing to subscribe will confer a favor by notifying the publishers as soon as possible.

J. Stilman Smith & Co., 3 Hamilton Place, Boston.

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#### WOMAN'S CONGRESS.

##### TO THE OFFICERS AND MEMBERS OF THE ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF WOMEN:

*Dear Friends and Fellow-Workers:* — It is my pleasant duty to announce to you that the seventeenth congress of our association will be held in Denver, Col., on the 8th, 9th, and 10th of October next.

The invitation extended to us by the ladies of the Denver Fortnightly Club is a very cordial one. The city is a place of great attraction both in itself and its surroundings. Its central position in the great West promises us a large attendance, and the pleasure and profit of meeting with many women whose pursuits and endeavors are akin to our own, but who are separated from us by wide distance and detained at home by the stress of household duties.

We hope for a generous response to the invitation of the Denver ladies, and we trust that officers and members of A. A. W. will spare no effort to be present on an occasion which offers, with the attractions already familiar to us, some new and valuable points of interest.

JULIA WARD HOWE, *President.*

GERTRUDE K. EASBY, *Secretary.*

## EDUCATION OF WOMEN IN INDIA.

THE following notice is taken from the *London Times*, and shows the progress of female education in India in a way undreamed of but a few years since. Though there is still much to be desired, the ground has been well broken.

*Sir:* — I do not know whether it will be possible, among all the weighty affairs which fill your columns now, to spare me a corner in which to continue a tale you allowed me to insert about this time last year respecting a remarkable young lady of pure Indian birth, Miss Cornelia Sorabji. She had then recently passed the second B. A. degree at the Bombay University as one of six in the first class, and consequently been appointed Senior Fellow in the Guzerat College at Ahmedabad, where she lectured to a class of men on the subjects of English and Logic. In this unusual course she has been so successful that on January 10, 1889, she was appointed professor of English at the Guzerat College, and has thus become, I believe, the first lady professor in India. This appointment she expects to hold till an English principal goes out, probably in the course of this summer, when Miss Sorabji's earnest hope and wish is to pay a visit to England and to take a degree (or, rather, to pass the examination necessary for one, since they are not yet granted to women here) which shall enable her to be more useful to her countrywomen in the future, for that is the object of her ambition, though circumstances and her own abilities have led to her beginning her professional career by the teaching of men.

Much interest was used to procure for her a Government of India scholarship, which would have furnished her with means sufficient to study at one of the women's colleges here; but the Indian Government have firmly decided these must be reserved for men.

Her present position will enable her to save something towards the considerable expenses of such a visit, but I and some others think there are friends of women's education here who might be willing to help such a promising and unusual career. If this account should reach them they could learn further particulars by applying either to myself; to Louisa, Lady Goldsmid, 13 Portman Square; Miss Shaw-Lefevre, Somerville Hall, Oxford; or Miss Manning, 35 Blomfield Road, Maida Hill.

Yours truly,

15 Bruton Street.

MARY HOBHOUSE.

## REPORTS OF CHARITABLE ORGANIZATIONS.

BROOKLYN.—*Bureau of Charities.* Eighth Annual Report. *President*, Alfred T. White; *Secretary*, George B. Buzelle. The Society was organized for the "general purpose of promoting the welfare of the poor, the suffering, and the friendless in the city of Brooklyn." Current expenses, \$12,590.04; balance on hand, \$1,315.97.

BOSTON.—*Children's Mission to the Children of the Destitute.* Fortieth Annual Report. *President*, Wm. H. Baldwin; *Secretary*, Samuel B. Cruff. The Society was established to foster "in the minds of the young a spirit of Christian sympathy and active benevolence, and to adopt such measures as shall rescue from vice and degradation the morally exposed children of the city." Current expenses, \$13,176.83; balance on hand, \$708.93.

BUFFALO.—*Charity Organization Society.* Eleventh Annual Report. *President*, T. Guilford Smith; *Secretary*, Nathaniel S. Rosenau. The Society endeavors to prevent pauperism by assisting people to do for themselves, and to that end tries to suppress indiscriminate giving to all who ask charity. Current expenses, \$3750.57; balance on hand, \$23.84.

BUFFALO.—*Fresh Air Fund.* First Annual Report. *Chairman*, Alice Moore. The Society sends poor children from the city to the country for a two weeks' vacation in the summer. Current expenses, \$79.85; balance on hand, \$54.06.

PLAINFIELD.—*Children's Home Association.* Twelfth Annual Report. *President*, Mrs. Horace Kimball; *Secretary*, Miss Lucy H. Everett. The Society provides a home for destitute children when necessary, or aids them in other ways when the parents cannot or will not care for them. Expenses for four months, \$898.95; balance on hand, \$1,480.87.

ST. LOUIS.—*Factory Girls' Free Evening School.* Annual Report. *Leader*, Mrs. Lucy A. Wiggin. A Free Evening School was first started for girls who were employed in the factories. Various helps have grown from that. Current expenses, \$63.35; balance on hand, \$21.65.

*Publishers' Department.*

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A Record of Progress and Journal of Good Citizenship.

EDWARD E. HALE, D. D. . . . . Editor.

JOHN STILMAN SMITH . . . . . Manager.

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MANUSCRIPTS.

It is with great regret that we are obliged to say that we cannot undertake to return manuscripts. We have a very large staff of regular contributors for this journal. We solicit privately, from all quarters, articles by specialists on the subjects which we treat. The number of papers we have from such sources is very much larger than our space permits us to use. We are, therefore, in no position to use the articles of volunteers. We should not pay for them if we did use them, and they merely add to the difficulties of compressing within eighty pages the valuable paper, which would occupy three or four hundred. We print this, not ungraciously, but with the wish to save trouble to those who are kind enough to remember us in the distribution of their favors.